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FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS.

I.	Some Reflections Upon the Far Eastern War. By Captain A. T. Mahan	NATIONAL REVIEW	67
II.	Eugenics and St. Valentine. By Havelock Ellis	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	81
III.	Wild Wheat. Chapter XV. Probation-Time. By M. E. Francis (To be continued.)	LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE	88
IV.	Some Literary Recollections of a Golden Age. By Alexander Innes Shand	SATURDAY REVIEW	92
V.	The New Humility. By G. K. Chesterton	INDEPENDENT REVIEW	102
VI.	Paudeen in the Woods. By W. M. Letts	TEMPLE BAR	106
VII.	Michael Davitt: A Personal Recollection. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt	SPEAKER	110
VIII.	The New Canada	OUTLOOK	115
IX.	Greek at the Universities. By Professor Robert Y. Tyrrell	ACADEMY	117
X.	The Laisured Class	SPECTATOR	120
XI.	Some Types of Modern France.	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE	122

A PAGE OF VERSE

XII.	Triolets of June. By R. E. Black	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	66
XIII.	The Day. By May Doney	SPECTATOR	66
XIV.	The Rebel. By Hilaire Belloc	SPEAKER	66
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS		127



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TRIOLETS OF JUNE.

Sweet are singing ways in June,
 When content the earth reposes
 Underneath the silver moon,
 Sweet are singing ways in June.
 Weaves the pine its swaying tune
 With the balmy breath of roses,
 Sweet are singing ways in June,
 When content the earth reposes.

Sweet it is in dewy ways
 Underneath the scented hedges.
 Through the tender summer haze
 Sweet it is in dewy ways
 Stand with lifted heads to gaze
 Drowsy kine, knee-deep in sedges.
 Sweet it is in dewy ways
 Underneath the scented hedges.

R. E. Black.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE DAY.

Wonderful, silent, doth it rise,—
 A white fact casting off red dreams,—
 With clear, unfathomable eyes
 Where time, unconquered, gleams.

Fools, lacking time to love or pray,
 Against the body of its hours
 Press hurriedly, nor ever stay
 To question of its powers.

"This hast thou done," it writes, "and
 this;
 And these shall prove that we have
 met;"
 And still we mould, and mar, and miss,
 And think we shall forget.

We wake, nor think immortal youth
 From darkness evermore is drawn
 In this sweet, awful shape of truth
 That comes with every dawn.

We babble of eternal things,
 And, lo! Eternity is here,
 Inscribing God's imaginings
 Upon the gradual year.

Morn after morn unvels its face,
 Where on our path of life it stands,
 Heaven and Hell, gray doom and grace,
 Within its open hands.

And when we pass the bounds of time,
 In fear or rapture we shall say,
 In that unhoured, supernal clime:
 "This was, this is, our Day!"

May Doney.

The Spectator.

THE REBEL.

There is a wall of which the stones
 Are lies and bribes and dead men's
 bones
 And wrongfully this evil wall
 Denies what all men made for all,
 And shamelessly this wall surrounds
 Our homesteads and our native
 grounds.

But I will gather and I will ride,
 And I will summon a countryside,
 And many a man shall hear my holloa
 Who never had thought the horn to
 follow;

And many a man shall ride with me
 Who never had thought on earth to see
 High justice in her armory.

When we find them where they stand,
 A mile of men on either hand,
 I mean to charge from right away
 And force the flanks of their array,
 And press them inward from the plains,
 And drive them clamoring down the
 lanes,
 And gallop and harry and press them
 down,
 And carry the gates and hold the town.
 Then shall I rest me from my ride
 With my great anger satisfied.

Only, before I eat and drink,
 When I have killed them all, I think
 That I will batter their carven names,
 And slit the pictures in their frames,
 And burn for scent their cedar door,
 And melt the gold their women wore,
 And cut their horses at the knees,
 And hew to death their timber trees,
 And plough their gardens deep and
 through—

And all these things I mean to do
 For fear perhaps my little son
 Should break his hands, as I have done.

Hilaire Belloc.

The Speaker.

SOME REFLECTIONS UPON THE FAR EASTERN WAR.

Measured by the external and obvious incidents of its progress, time certainly flies in these days. Momentous events come swiftly into view, shoot rapidly by, and with equal speed disappear into the past, crowded out of sight and mind by the successors which tread upon their heels. Nor is this due only to the immediateness with which intelligence is transmitted to the four quarters of the globe. The facility of physical movement, and for the communication of facts and interchange of thought, between persons or nations co-operating to a common end, the bequests to us of the last century, have accentuated perceptibly the pace of mankind, the making of history. The still recent war between Japan and Russia is a conspicuous instance. Not merely the first thunderbolt blow of Admiral Togo upon the Russian fleet exposed before Port Arthur, but the final maturing of the quarrel, and the progress of the war itself, were marked by a quick decisiveness unattainable under similar conditions a century ago. Among similar conditions I include, of course, the capacity of the leaders, as well as the circumstances under which they are called to act; the difference between a Napoleon and lesser men would be as great to-day as it was in his own time, and likewise as great under one set of external conditions as under another. Again, when the fighting in Manchuria had reached what proved to be its end, the peace itself, owing to the ease with which the plenipotentiaries and their governments could exchange ideas and messages, was concluded with a suddenness which took by surprise a doubting world; while no sooner is the war over than it is forgotten in public interest. Here and there a professional writer

gives forth his views, to which some brief comment is accorded; but that the war itself, and its lessons, have ceased to engage general attention, is attested alike by the columns of journals and the lists of articles in the reviews.

Underlying the external and obvious characteristics, that thus pass out of sight and mind, there are in every period factors more permanent in operation and longer in development, which for these reasons demand closer scrutiny and more sustained attention. For instance, the recent elections in Great Britain have probably corresponded in kind, in general outcome, to general expectation, as did also the issue of the war between Japan and Russia; but in degree each has taken the world—at least the outside world—by surprise. The events are obvious; but, in the one case as in the other, what account is to be given? Does the magnitude of the immediate result indicate in either case a final determination of the current of history, the definitive direction to be henceforth maintained by three mighty nations? or is there reason to suppose that, like a river forced to adapt its course to the country through which it flows, we are to see only a momentary deflection, or a momentary persistence, beyond which may be discerned already conditions which must substantially change what may now appear an irreversible decision? Has the war itself revolutionized, or seriously modified, antecedent teachings of military and naval history?

In military matters, so far as they can be separated from political, the obvious and external belong chiefly to the field of tactics, as distinguished from strategy. The relative significance of these two terms may be assumed familiar to the public through

the discussions of the past score of years. Great battles, great surrenders, the startling milestones of a campaign or a war, remain vividly impressed upon minds that may never have appreciated or suspected the underlying stream of causes which from time to time emerges in these conspicuous results. And as such popular recognition is essentially narrow in scope, so the matters to which it relates are the most narrowly technical, and consequently those which in fact it can least accurately weigh. A general outcome—victory or defeat—is within its comprehension; the fitness or the errors of the military means employed are much less so, except in very general statement. Politicians, doubtless, find the same in their campaigns. Broad considerations of policy, appreciation of conditions, especially those of the future, which correspond to the strategic diagnosis of the warrior, are much less effective at the moment than some telling phrase, or suggestion of immediate interest, which can be quickly fashioned into a campaign cry that halloes down reasonable opposition. Such victories, however, are fruitless in war or in politics. Unless the position won is strategically decisive, by its correspondence to the conditions of the war or of the nation, the battle might as well, or better, never have been fought. In military affairs the choice of action, being in the hands of one man, may by him be determined, for good or ill, without regard to his followers; and in the analogous position of a despotic ruler, where ability exists, a fortunate solution may be reached independent of popular will. Happily for those who love freedom, this case is rare. In popular government the foresight of the statesman must wait upon the conversion of the people, often extorted only by the hard logic of experience. The good of national conviction and support must be purchased at the expense

of national suffering, consequent upon the slowness of national comprehension of conditions not at once apparent. Yet in the end it is the country ahead, not that behind, which will control the course of the river.

Justly appreciated, military affairs are but one side of the politics of a nation, and therefore concern each individual who has an interest in the government of the State. They form part of a closely related whole; and, putting aside the purely professional details, which relate mostly to the actual clash of arms,—the province of tactics,—military preparations should be determined chiefly by those broad political considerations which affect the relations of States one to another, or of the several parts of the same State to the common defence. Defence, let it be said parenthetically to the non-military reader, implies not merely what shall be done to repel attack, but what is necessary to do in order that attack may not be attempted, or, if undertaken, may be resisted elsewhere than at the national frontier, be that land or sea. From this point of view, which is strictly accurate, defence may be defined broadly as provision for national well-being by military means. It was the primary misfortune, or, more correctly, the primary error of Russia, that by neglect of this provision her statesmen placed her in such a condition that, upon the outbreak of the recent war, she was forced at once into a position of pure defence, the scene of which was her own frontier, land and sea, as constituted through her several measures of acquisition or aggression during the preceding years of peace.

From what has been said, it will appear that such considerations as may naturally arise from the naval point of view, through reflection upon the still recent war, will divide into two classes: those that concern the direction of national policies, and those which affect

the construction, armament, and management of fleets, which, in the last analysis, are simply instruments of national policy. The question, for instance, of the possession, fortification, and development of Port Arthur, as a naval station, as was done by Russia, is one of broad national policy; one upon which every naval State has to reach decisions in reference to the ports available for naval purposes, which it may control in various quarters of the world; one also concerning which there obtain, in both military and naval circles, differences of opinions that have to be weighed by governments. On the other hand, the question whether Port Arthur, developed as it had been by Russia, and under the other existing conditions, should have been abandoned at the beginning, as some contend, or retained and obstinately defended, as it actually was, is more closely military in scope; although, belonging as it does to the province of strategy, the arguments pro and con can be more easily and quickly apprehended by the non-professional mind. Conversely, it is open to argument whether Japan was well advised to attach as much importance as her course of action indicated to the downfall of the fortress, its actual capture, as distinguished from neutralizing its military effect by a simple corps of observation, sufficient to prevent evacuation by the garrison to reinforce the Russian field army, or to stop the entrance of reinforcements or supplies from without, which might prolong resistance. This question also is military in character; and strategical, not tactical. It affects the conduct of the war, and by no means necessarily the wisdom of the decision of the Russian Government to establish an adequate naval base at that point. Whatever opinion may be held as to the proper line of action in the particular instance, once war was begun, it is quite conceivable that a government

may be perfectly justified, by considerations of general policy, in establishing a military or naval base for the support of one of its frontiers at some particular point, and yet that, by conditions of a subsequent moment, the commander-in-chief on the spot, or his superiors at home, may properly decide that the exigencies of the immediate situation dictate its abandonment. These immediate conditions may be imputable as a fault to either the government or its general; they may arise from inadequate preparation by the one or mistaken management by the other; but they do not therefore necessarily impeach the wisdom of the original decision, which rested upon quite other grounds. It is precisely the same in other incidents of statesmanship. One administration may secure a national advantage of far-reaching importance, which a successor may forfeit by carelessness in improvement, or by some mismanaged negotiation; by prolonged neglect, or by a single mistake. Neither outcome would condemn the original measure, which rests on its own merits; recognizing the possibilities, and presupposing—quite legitimately—a consistent furtherance of the steps first taken.

Such considerations are so obvious that the statement of them at length may probably seem tedious. Yet I am confident that it is the failure thus explicitly to analyze to one's self the several lights in which a complex problem may be regarded, the tendency to view them too exclusively together, as a composite single result, that leads to much confusion of thought, with the probable consequence of erroneous determination. Take, for instance, the question of the speed of battleships. No one will deny for an instant that, other things being equal, additional speed—the highest—is desirable. This, however, is not the question. It is the question mixed up with the assumption

that other things are equal, that you are getting your additional speed for nothing; or, to express it otherwise, there is the momentary forgetfulness that something else in the way of efficiency must be sacrificed, and that, when a certain speed has been attained, a small increment must be purchased at a very great sacrifice. What shall the sacrifice be? Gun power? Then your vessel, when she has overtaken her otherwise equal enemy, will be inferior in offensive power. Armor? Then she will be more vulnerable. Something of the coal she would carry? But the expenditure of coal in ever increasing ratio is a vital factor in your cherished speed. If you can give up none of these things, and it is demonstrable that without some sacrifice you cannot get the speed, will you then—and this is what all navies are now doing—increase the size of the ship? Yes, you say, by all means. Well then, where will you stop? Or, the same question in other words, what will you sacrifice in order to get your greater dimensions? Will you have fewer ships; smaller numbers with larger individual power? You will sacrifice numbers? Then you sacrifice so far that power of combination which is essential to military dispositions, whether they relate to the distribution of the fleet in peace, with reference to possible war, or to the exigencies of the campaign, or to the battlefield. But, if the final decision be we will have numbers as well, then the reply is you must sacrifice money; which, starting from the question of speed, brings us face to face with one of the great present problems of national policy among all naval nations, the size of the budget. For the line of reasoning which applies to the 18,000 or 20,000 ton ship will hold good when you have reached 30,000, and your neighbor "goes one better," by laying down one of 32,000.

This question of speed, thus developed, may be illustrated perfectly aptly from

that of Port Arthur. In the case of that port, the question, fully stated, was not simply, "Is the position in itself one good for Russia to keep, or for Japan to capture?" It was, "Is the place worth the sacrifice which must be made to hold or to win it?" If Russia wished to keep it, she must sacrifice from Kuropatkin's too small army some forty or fifty thousand men. If Japan was bent on taking, she must withdraw from her field army to the siege operations, from first to last, from seventy-five to one hundred thousand; and, if she was in a hurry, she must be prepared for the further sacrifice, otherwise unnecessary, of many thousands of lives, in the desperate assaults made to hasten the end.¹ It is to be supposed that each party measured adequately the sacrifice either way, and took the alternative adopted in full view of the cost; yet it is by no means sure that this was the case. It is at least very possible that to each Port Arthur derived its importance from attention fixed upon it to the exclusion of qualifying considerations; as may be supposed the case with speed, from the extravagant demands now made for it in ships, the chief function of which should be to give and to take hard knocks, and that not severally, but in conjunction with others of their like, which we style a fleet.

The question of Port Arthur, indeed, was one so important in the general campaign up to the moment of its fall, and afterwards by the effect upon subsequent operations of the delay caused by the siege, that among military critics it has given rise to very diverse opinions, affecting more or less the question of national policy in establishing such bases. Where there is found on the one side the unqualified assertion of a cardinal mistake by the Russians in

¹ The Japanese losses at the siege have been estimated at 56,000. "Journal of the Royal Artillery," October 1905, p. 322.

not at once evacuating a position which could not be ultimately held, and concentrating with Kuropatkin every available soldier, and on the other an equally sharp criticism by soldiers—not by seamen—of Japan for having diverted so many troops from Oyama as seriously to affect the vigor and conclusiveness of his operations, thereby enabling the enemy continually to escape, it is clear that the argument is not wholly one-sided. If the Japanese were compelled, or induced, it matters little which, to devote to the siege a number of men who in the early part of the war might have been used decisively against Kuropatkin's relatively feeble army, it follows that the leaving the place garrisoned had an effect favorable to the Russians at a very critical moment. That the Japanese felt compelled, and really were compelled, to their course can scarcely be doubted, unless one views the land and sea campaigns as wholly separate operations. For purposes of discussion they may be so severed, but actually they were one whole; and ultimate conclusions cannot be accurately reached without bearing in mind their interrelation. It was essential to the Russians to protract the land campaign, to gain time to develop their naval strength; it was essential to the Japanese to destroy the fleet in Port Arthur before such development, in order to secure the sea communications upon which their land campaign depended. To ensure this end it was imperative to gain control of the port. That the Russians actually made no adequate use of the chance obtained for them by its prolonged resistance is nothing to the purpose. It is difficult to find an adjective fitted to characterize the apathy of the Port Arthur division or the delays in despatching the Baltic fleet. The fact remains that they had their chance through the protraction of the siege. My own opinion from the

first has been, and now continues, that regarded in itself alone, and with reference to the land campaign only, the retention by Russia was correct; and that, had her naval campaign in its entirety been managed with anything like the ability shown by Kuropatkin, the event of the war in Manchuria might have been different. That to naval success a long tenure of Port Arthur was absolutely essential is too obvious for comment; but imagine the effect upon negotiations, had the conditions on shore, including the fall of Port Arthur, been precisely as they were when peace was signed, but that a timely previous co-operation between the Port Arthur and Baltic divisions had left the Russians in sure control of the sea. That the view here outlined was held by the Japanese, rightly or wrongly, is clear from the persistence of Admiral Togo in his attempts to block the port, and to injure the fleet within by long range firing; and afterwards from the sustained vigorous character of the prolonged siege operations. We now know that in the Russian naval sorties of June 23 and August 10 the Japanese had but four battleships to the Russian's six on the spot. Togo, doubtless, could not have anticipated so cruel a stroke of fate as that which, on May 15, 1904, deprived him of two battleships in one day by submarine mines; but, whatever the value of his fleet in its largest numbers, it was quite evident that the Russian fleet, "in being" in Port Arthur, by itself alone constituted a perpetual menace to the sea communications of Japan, the absolutely determining factor of the war; while taken in connection with the Russian Baltic fleet, still in existence, the possibilities of fatal disaster to the Japanese depended wholly upon the skill with which the Russians managed the naval resources remaining to them after the first torpedo attack of February 8, and upon the time they were

able to obtain for that object by the resistance of Port Arthur. Whether that resistance was protracted as long as it could be is beyond my competency to say; but it certainly continued long enough to afford Russia opportunity to bring into play all her naval means & her schemes for imperial defence, in its broadest sense, had corresponded to the necessities of the situation.

In fact, on land, Port Arthur bore to this war much the relationship that Ladysmith did to that in South Africa. Whether Sir George White should have retreated towards Durban, to concentrate with other British forces to be expected; whether the Boers should have settled down to a siege protracted by their indolence, as that of Port Arthur was by the inherent and developed strength of the position, are questions which will be differently answered. What admits of little doubt is that the effect produced upon the Japanese action in the later instance was the same as that upon the Boers in the earlier, and with greater reason; for, while the menace of Port Arthur was in kind the same as that of Ladysmith, it was far greater in degree. The characteristics may be more convincingly illustrated by recalling the effect of Mantua upon Bonaparte's operations of 1796. The parallelism is here confined to the land operations, reserving the very direct influence of Port Arthur upon naval operations for further discussion. The entire distance advanced by the Japanese from Chemulpo to Mukden, and by the French from Savona to Leoben, where the preliminaries were dictated by Bonaparte, is about 350 miles in each case. Two months after leaving Savona the French reached Mantua, 120 miles. There they were delayed eight months, June 4 to February 2, during which period Bonaparte fought several battles, or rather made several campaigns, to defeat the attempts of the Austrians to relieve the place;

but he could make no advance, for he had no disposable force beyond that needed for the blockade. The Japanese were more fortunate, through their previous preparations and their full control of the sea. Nevertheless, from the victory of Liao-Yang, August 30, to the battle of Mukden, February 24, they advanced but thirty-five miles. The siege of Port Arthur lasted from May 27 to January 1, seven months; upon its fall followed a period of preparation, corresponding to that passed by Bonaparte after the surrender of Mantua in securing his rear against possible enemies. Then advance in each case was resumed, with forces thenceforth liberated from the fear as to their communications, which was the detaining effect exerted in their several days by Mantua, Ladysmith, and Port Arthur.

The conduct of the Japanese with relation to Port Arthur, prior to its surrender, and even to its serious investment, cannot but exert a salutary influence upon the celebrated theory of the "fleet in being," to which has been freely attributed a determining influence that has always to me appeared exaggerated. From the argument developed above, it must appear that I appreciate vividly the bearing of the fleet in Port Arthur upon the war. It is not too much to say that, in the strategic sense, the fleet was the Port, which without it possessed no value and would never have been fortified nor acquired. The naval possibilities involved were the strongest inducement to the acquisition of the Liao-tung Peninsula; and the fact that the Japanese main communications were by sea constitutes the analogy of the position to Mantua. The signal of Admiral Togo to his fleet off Tsu-shima may be invoked to show that the Japanese thus regarded the Port, purely as harboring the fleet. If the fate of the Empire depended upon the results of that day,

when only the Baltic division was in face, how much more serious the situation so long as the Port Arthur ships remained a valid force, before they had supinely allowed their throats to be cut like stalled cattle. Yet, while recognizing by their acts all the menace of that "fleet in being," the Japanese did not hesitate to adventure the fortunes of a war essential to national progress upon an over-sea expedition, which not only was to make a passage once for all across a belt of water, but must there be maintained until a settled peace restored freedom of transit. Even before knowing the issue of the first torpedo attack, of February 8, 12,000 troops put to sea to land at Chemulpo, like the advanced detachment hazarded to seize the opposite bank of a river, and hold there a position at which the remainder of the army can disembark. The instance is the more impressive because of the immensity of the stake, when it is remembered what defeat would have meant to Japan in this infancy of her progress, economical and political, in the new world of modern civilization.

It may certainly be replied, and justly, that the very greatness of the emergency demanded the hazard, upon the sound principle that desperate conditions require desperate remedies. It is likely enough that to attempts important, yet secondary, where the danger incurred by failure exceeds the advantage to be gained by success, a "fleet in being" may prove a sufficient deterrent. This was the case with Louis XIV's projected landing in England in 1690, which elicited Admiral Torrington's historic phrase. In expeditions of similar secondary importance, however, Great Britain continually adventured bodies of troops during the Napoleonic wars; not to mention Wellington's army in the Peninsula, reinforcements and supplies to which were certainly to some extent endangered,

and occasionally molested, by the cruisers or naval divisions of an inferior enemy. But, after attributing the utmost effect upon the councils of an enemy produced by the presence of a "fleet in being," at a point favorable for acting upon communications, the fact remains that in this very crucial instance the Japanese have practically defined its actual powers. They met the threat to them, not by submitting to inaction until the enemy's fleet was destroyed, but by doing just what a general on shore does, when he cannot at once capture a fortress menacing his line of advance. Port Arthur was masked by the Japanese fleet, stationed at a fitting position, and kept informed of the enemy's movements by a well-developed scouting system. To these measures for repelling a sortie in force was committed the safety of the army to be transported in the rear; and the undoubted possibilities of occasional, even serious, injury to a body of transports was accepted, secure that the "fleet in being," being essentially inferior to the Japanese navy as a whole, could not permanently interrupt the forward flow which constitutes communications. If, as I have understood the advocates of the "fleet in being" theory, the mere existence of a powerful, though inferior, body of ships, should deter an enemy from committing himself to over-sea operations, the Japanese have certainly demonstrated a contrary possibility. Were they therein wrong? Though successful, has their success been achieved in defiance of a clear rule of warfare, or has it rather been in observance of a well-established practice, with its necessary precautions?

The example is the more provocative of inquiry, and of reconsideration of accepted maxims, in that, as a matter of fact, the Japanese sea communications, though maintained substantially secure, did not escape harassment, and yet more serious threat. Here and there

a transport, here and there a merchant vessel, was captured by the not too excessive activity of the Vladivostock squadron, the operations of which might have been increased in scope and frequency had the Port Arthur division, taking its life in its hands, flung itself desperately upon Togo's fleet, determined to effect the utmost injury at whatever cost. The irresolute sortie of August 10 produced results sufficient to show that the consequence of such a move might be so far to weaken Togo as to compel him to draw upon Kamimura's squadron to reinforce the watch over Port Arthur; a step which would by so much facilitate the movement of the Vladivostock ships. Such increase of activity, with consequent Japanese necessary precaution, would not only have illustrated further the pros and cons of the "fleet in being" theory. It would have thrown desirable light also upon the question of the influence which the molestation of commerce, whether by direct capture or by the paralysis induced by menace and apprehension, can exert upon the economical conditions of a State, and through them upon military efficiency. The contemporary files of papers published in Japan bear witness to the immediate effect produced; but the danger passed too rapidly to demonstrate the possible reaction from this display of the proverbial timidity of capital, whether invested in shipping or otherwise.

Such result as was open to the Vladivostock squadron to produce was further limited by the fact that it was composed of armored cruisers, a compromise double-faced type of vessel, the advisability of which has long been questioned by respectable professional opinion, and now more and more loudly than ever. The decision is one of national policy, by no means purely of technical character; the considerations on which it must turn are perfectly easy of com-

prehension. If, instead of being ships built with one eye on fighting and one on speed, the Vladivostock ships had been fairly and frankly cruisers, pure and simple, unarmored, and gunned only so as to meet their like, and if the tonnage thus economized had been devoted to speed and coal endurance, their fitness for the work of molesting commerce and transportation would have been distinctly increased. The same aggregate tonnage might have given two or three additional swift ships of the type suggested. But the armored cruiser is a fighting ship, though grievously marred as such by the lack of the single eye, of unity of design, of Napoleon's "exclusiveness of purpose." Those in Vladivostock constituted a respectable portion of the total Russian battle fleet in the far East, and therefore could not be freely hazarded as ordinary cruisers might. It is very probable that their presence in Vladivostock induced the merely tentative character of the sortie of August 10 from Port Arthur; that the desire to concentrate the whole fleet dictated an attempt to escape, instead of the pitched naval battle which the exigencies of the Russian general situation then demanded.

It is to this, rather than to the effect of a fortified port upon the navy using it, that I should be inclined to ascribe the failure of the Port Arthur division to improve its opportunities with military intelligence and energy. Having kept the Japanese at a distance, and obtained for Russia the opportunity to restore her fleet after the torpedo attack of February 8, the fortifications can scarcely be held responsible for the failure to use the advantage thus gained. There are indications, however, in a forthcoming book by Captain Klado, of the Russian Navy, advance sheets of which I have been permitted to see, that there is prevalent in high military circles in Russia a radically

erroneous conception of the relations of a fleet to coast operations, and especially to coast defence. This conception is held so strongly as to take form in the phrase "fortress-fleet," under which misleading title the movement of the fleet is restricted to the neighborhood of the port, is made subordinate to the defence of the position, and to the orders of the fortress commander. By this school of thought it is considered a positive calamity, almost a catastrophe, that the fleet should launch out in wide independent action, leaving the fortress to its own resources. It secures the dispersion of force, as opposed to concentration. Such conclusions are difficult to understand, especially when we recall the signal historical example of the siege of Gibraltar, which so conspicuously illustrated the relative functions of fleet and fortress. Although these views are vigorously contested and refuted by Captain Klado, it would seem probable, from the opinions in support of them quoted by him, that they may have dictated the futile and abortive management of the Port Arthur division; and that this did not represent the professional judgment of its own officers, but the burden of a command laid upon them by higher and non-naval authority. Certainly Klado's own opinion, formulated and set down before the final catastrophe, shows conclusively that in intelligent naval circles there obtained much juster and more comprehensive recognition of the part to be played by a fleet, even regarded from a distinctly defensive standpoint of national policy. "The only rational defence of the shores is a strong fleet, and in this case the chief hope must be placed in it, and not in the army. The fortress is subsidiary." Incidentally to the discussion he makes also a remark relative to the Chinese fleet in 1894, which not only illustrates his general argument but may throw

light upon the purposes of the Port Arthur division in its last sortie of August 10. "In abandoning Port Arthur the Chinese fleet, under the given circumstances, acted quite rightly, since that port was so situated that it could be taken from the land; and, if this had happened, the fleet would have found itself in an inland roadstead, and would not have been able to take part in repelling the land attack. Had it remained in Port Arthur, it would have been taken alive when the fortress fell. Instead of this, by going over to Wei-hai-wei, it forced the Japanese to a most difficult winter expedition in order to gain this last port. If only the Chinese had had a fleet capable of vanquishing that of their enemies they would have been victorious in the end despite the sad condition of their army." For "Chinese" read "Russian," and for "Wei-hai-wei" "Vladivostok," and we may have in this comment on the past the explanation of the Russian attempt, as we certainly have a prophecy of the necessary outcome of the war.

In the general deplorable result, something must be attributed to the lack of initiative, so general as to appear almost a national quality, that was shown in the Russian operations; but original faults of distribution at least tended to increase the paralysis which in every direction characterized their action. By the tenure of two ports, remote from one another, they in the beginning possessed the advantage which a two-fold source of danger imposes on an enemy's dispositions. Under most conditions of coast conformation, two ports, so far separated, would have much increased the perplexity of Admiral Togo, had the Baltic fleet been despatched so as to reach the scene while the defence of Port Arthur was still hopeful. Even minimized as the difficulty would have been by the projection of Korea, giving him at its

southern end a central position; well adapted for moving towards either port, he would still have been obliged somewhat to uncover Port Arthur, in order to be on hand to meet *Rojdestvensky*, because ignorant of which destination he would seek. Such conditions, which were as evident the first month of the war as they are now, rightly determined the Japanese to reduce Port Arthur at the earliest possible moment, and equally rightly determined the Russians to hold it. Whatever may be considered the effect of the place upon the land operations, it threatened the Japanese communications by sea so long as it held out effectively, and it kept open to the Baltic fleet two ports of entry to distract *Togo's* attention, and move him, rightly or wrongly, to divide his fleet between them. Such considerations, if valid, afford matter for reflection to all governments and people, as to the constitution and defence of naval bases in regions where their interests may induce naval operations. As soon as Port Arthur fell, the Japanese admiral knew that there was but one port open to his opponent; that, turn or twist as he might, there he must at last turn up.

But, while the embarrassment to an enemy of such a double objective is clear and proverbial, it is not in itself sufficient, unless improved by proper dispositions. It is not enough to fortify the ports. For the offensive purposes which alone constitute danger to the enemy, they are helpless, almost as turtles on their backs, unless they contain forces adequate to issue with intent and power to inflict injury. The Russians being at the outset locally inferior in battleship strength, estimating therein the armored cruisers of both parties, every ship of that description should have been concentrated in one of the two ports; the other should have been utilized for commerce destroying, and such other desultory operations as

are open to cruisers. Instead of this, the same nonchalance—essentially consistent with the lack of initiative already noted—that exposed the whole division, improperly picketed, before Port Arthur, and left the *Varyag* and *Korieits* a helpless prey at *Chemulpo*, retained also at *Vladivostock* three powerful armored cruisers, the proper place of which, being in the line of battle, was wherever the main fleet was. It would be interesting to know, if knowable, how far the appellation "cruiser" was responsible for this error. This much at least can be said; that in treating them as cruisers, not as battle-vessels, the Russian officer responsible was at least consistent with the original idea of armoring cruisers, the efficiency of which should depend primarily upon speed and coal endurance, not upon armor; and to which fighting—except with equals—is not committed, and should rarely be indulged. To this same double eye to two sets of functions, radically distinct, is to be attributed the undue stress upon extreme speed for battleships, with the consequent reckless progress in the size of these vessels. They, by the accepted spirit of the day, are not only to fight but also to run; between which two stools a fall may be looked for.

That *Vladivostock*, at least during the open season, was the proper rendezvous for cruisers is evident for two reasons. First, being easier to leave and to enter than Port Arthur, it is so far favorable to vessels whose mission is evasion; and, secondly, it could not be the position for the battle-fleet, because that, when frozen in, became to the enemy a fleet non-existent. At this port should have been the protected—unarmored—cruisers, which were, on the contrary, congregated at Port Arthur, and thence accompanied the fleet in its futile attempt to get away to *Vladivostock*. From this centre, itself possessing two exits, and leading equally to the Japan

Sea and to the east coast of the islands by way of Tsugaru Straits, the field to commerce destroyers was as clear as conditions often allow. In the particular kind of vessel needed for this, the Japanese had largely superior numbers; but as the mission of the Russian cruisers would be to escape detection, while that of the Japanese was to find, it is plain that the latter needed to be much the more numerous. Also, as the respective objects, the destruction and protection of commerce, required that the Russians should run and the Japanese fight, the former could act singly while the latter must congregate in squadrons. Uncertainty whether the enemy were acting severally or in groups would compel concentration to some extent, to avoid being surprised by a superior force, and so would decrease the dispersion of the look-outs, while increasing their strength. I will not deny my belief that, despite all this, in the long run the Russian cruisers would one by one have been picked up—that is the necessary penalty of inferior numbers; but if their design provided both speed and coal endurance, as it should, the time should have been protracted sufficiently to demonstrate to some degree what influence such operations may in this day exert upon the general war-power of a nation, thus assailed in its financial resources which depend upon the freedom of commerce.

As it is, the indications are clear though slight. In the *Japan Times* of July 23, 1905, it is stated that up to that time the Vladivostock squadron had captured only twenty-two Japanese vessels, of which nine were steamers. Such paucity of results shows most probably that the armored cruisers were too valuable to be freely exposed to capture by Kamimura's superior division, and that their enterprise was fettered by this consideration, which would not have applied to unarmored ships of half their tonnage. The result, such as

it is, is merely direct; and it is the indirect effect upon commercial movement which most weighs when the attack is well concerted and vigorous. During the cruise of the Vladivostock squadron on the east coast of Japan, which lasted but little over a week at the end of July, 1904, although only four steamers were captured by it, sailings from the ports of Japan were generally stopped. At a meeting of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, held but two days before the battle off Tsushima, the report stated that in consequence of the Government's requisitions for transports the Company's business had been carried on by hiring foreign steamers. At the beginning of the war the charter rate was extremely high, but had lately depreciated owing to the secure retention of the control of the sea by the navy. This, it will be observed, was nine months after the Russian naval disasters of August, 1904, at the time when the Port Arthur and Vladivostock divisions attempted to unite. In the current fiscal term, the report continued, the presence of the Baltic fleet in Far Eastern seas would affect the shipping trade to some extent, but the Company was determined to endure to the end. The same paper states that, a Russian transport having entered Shanghai, May 26, the local underwriters were refusing to ensure. June 17, it is announced that the steamship services to China and Korea, which had been suspended by Rojdestvensky's approach, would now be resumed; and mention is made of the fall of freights in the coastwise coal trade, in consequence of the victory, as well as an easier coal market. It appears also that in India even, insurance on cotton for Japan, which Russia was reported to have declared contraband, rose threefold upon a report of Russian cruisers in the Indian Ocean. Considering the complete control of the sea, in a military sense, held by the Japan-

ese, and the lethargy of the Russian naval conduct in general, the results have a meaning which will be recognized immediately by any one who has had even casual opportunity to note the effect of apprehension, and of fluctuations in trade, upon the welfare of a community, which in turn affects the income of the State. The significance is increased in the present instance by the unfavorable situation of the Russian ports, in point of distance from the Japanese main lines of sea communication, military and commercial. Had control been reversed, by a Russian naval victory, the Japanese army in Manchuria would have been isolated; but a glance at the map will show that Russian communications by ships to Port Arthur would have been much more easily molested, through the nearness of Japanese ports to the waters through which vessels must pass. As Cuba lies across the approaches to the Mississippi, and Ireland across those to Great Britain, so does Japan to the communications of Manchuria and Vladivostock with the outer world.

There seems to be a general professional consent that the experience of this war has confirmed the supremacy of the battleship relative to the control of the sea, which is the great object of naval warfare. The torpedo vessel has achieved less than was expected—at least outside of naval circles—and what it has accomplished has been almost exactly that which was anticipated twenty years ago by naval men. It has come in at the end of the battle, to complete the disaster of the defeated. I have not seen attention called to the difficulty experienced by vessels of this class in finding the object of their attack, when once lost to them in the dark, their own most suitable moment for action. In measure, of course, all vessels feel this; but especially these, which from lying low in the water have a limited horizon, and from their small

size and consequent liveliness have particular trouble in catching and holding tight of an object. Admiral Togo's report states that during the night succeeding the battle his torpedo flotillas were searching in every direction for their flying enemy, but with little or no success until 5.20 A.M., when returning daylight showed smoke. It will doubtless be found in the future that these vessels, and submarines, seeking to harass a blockading fleet, will be gravely hampered by these drawbacks, when ignorant of the whereabouts of the enemy's main force; an ignorance easily imposed by the latter shifting its position after nightfall. The value of the cruiser class, as scouts, and equipped with modern facilities, was abundantly established by the certainty with which Togo, though invisible beforehand, appeared betimes at each attempted sortie from Port Arthur; and yet more notably by the information of *Rojdestvensky's* appearance when the Baltic division was still over a hundred miles distant from his anchorage. He was thus enabled not merely to choose his field of action, and anticipate the enemy there, but to plan his battle with full knowledge of his opponent's order; a result facilitated by *Rojdestvensky's* failure, or inability, to advance his scouting line so far as to drive in that of his antagonist, thereby concealing his own motions and probable intentions. Comparatively little attention has been given to this singular advantage, although Togo himself in his report dwells upon it at large, and with the reiteration of satisfaction. The possible contribution of cruisers to the ends of war by endangering an enemy's commerce has not received adequate elicitation, owing to the reasons already mentioned.

But while the supremacy of the battleship is conceded, there has arisen a new controversy as to the type, which it is proposed to revolutionize. As ex-

pounded in the *Times* of February 16 the change, though consistent with the present line of development in increase of speed, and size,—and cost,—is singular in the exceptional use to which high speed is to be put. Armed solely with the heaviest artillery, the advantage of such pieces is to be maintained by speed enabling to keep at the greater range open to them. Speed thus ceases to be a means chiefly of compelling battle, or achieving strategic advantage, and conduces to an assumed tactical superiority by enforcing distant action.

The theory has a surface plausibility, and there is an impression that it in some way reflects the conclusions of Japanese experience, confidentially communicated to their allies. If so, a critic moves in the dark, possibly unwitting part of the opposite case, and must speak guardedly. There are, however, in the reports immediately following the battle of the Japan Sea, as well as in those of the sortie of August 10, incidental mentions which suggest doubts as to the power to maintain the necessary fleet speed in the practice of battle. Tactically, a fleet of *Dreadnoughts*, in action with the type hitherto in favor, requires distant firing. It therefore has received a check when an opponent can advance numerous lighter guns within effective range of its fewer heavier, which will reproduce in great measure the fight of a fleet with an embrasured fort, where large superiority in number of guns, and nearness, were essential factors to success, by beating down the *personnel* under a storm of light missiles, such as grape and canister. In such cases, volume of fire was relied upon to counterbalance, offensively, the great defensive inferiority of the ships' sides; and in the case of ship against ship, where so great defensive disparity will not obtain, it is well within the limits of probability that a great volume of fire may prove distinctly superior to

one of less diffusion, though of equal weight. Off Tsu-shima, the Russians were much the stronger in number of heavy guns, the Japanese in the lighter; but, after all allowance made for marksmanship, it is worthy of note that the Russian crews complained that they were blinded by the storm of the enemy's missiles. It may well be questioned, therefore, where the advantage will lie, should the presumed slower fleet succeed in closing. Now, fleet speed being that of the slowest ship, by whatever occasioned, it follows that the instant one vessel of the long-range fleet loses speed the tactical advantage is transferred to the opponent; for if there be in it two to three slow ships, they can be left to come up, whereas the fleet originally faster cannot thus abandon its slower vessel, unless willing to lose it rather than come to close quarters. In this connection, therefore, it is noticeable how often in the recent war funnels were shot away, or damaged, an injury quite within the power of six- and eight-inch guns, and more likely to be effected by volume of fire, by many smaller projectiles, than by a few larger. But a funnel seriously damaged means inevitably loss of speed; and as to range, I note in the *Naval Annual* for 1905, that in the action between Kamimura and the Vladivostock squadron fire began at 12,000 yards, six miles, and that at 8000 yards the Japanese, in chase, "opened the most deadly fire of the whole engagement." None of the vessels here engaged had heavier than eight-inch guns.

A full comparison between the results from a few heavy guns and many lighter—between greater and less volume of fire—requires a discussion which I hope to pursue in the pages of our Naval Institute Proceedings, but which is too technical for a paper like this, to the length of which also it would add unreasonably. The same is the case with the question of speed, con-

cerning which I think it fairly demonstrable that neither strategically nor tactically was Togo's advantage essential to him. Nor would any such advantage have been, within the limits of speed which now differentiate one battleship from another, so far as original design is concerned. Loss or gain of speed due to incidents of service is another matter; but in both the closing campaign and final battle the dispositions of the Japanese admiral ensured him interior lines, with all they mean in strategy and tactics. He thus made himself independent of superior speed. One remark may be ventured in conclusion. As between a fleet that wishes to keep at a distance, and one that wishes to close, history affirms that the latter usually gets its way; and for a simple but universal reason. The closing fleet can afford to drop ships, sure that they will come up in time; a reserve, if nothing better. The retiring fleet cannot do this; and sooner or later, if both persist, something happens to enforce a collision.

And here arises a final question, the answer to which cannot now be indefinitely postponed. How long is the present race of size in shipbuilding, with steadily increasing cost, to be maintained? In all nations the responsible authorities will soon have to recognize that naval development has become a mere matter of international competition in this direction, to which no logical—and, what is more important, no practical—end is in sight. This cannot endure indefinitely; sooner rather than later the representatives of the people will intervene, and, as usual under such circumstances, will do something more radical than beneficial unless anticipated by well-weighed professional suggestion. Such I am not prepared to advance, nor, when it comes, will it be the finished product of any one mind. I am, however, distinctly of the opinion that the will of

the wisp of higher speed is the chief cause of the present vicious circle, in which naval officers, uneasily conscious that fighting power must not be unduly sacrificed, seek refuge from the dilemma by increasing size. This permits the desired increase of speed, but fails to take into account that no finality has been reached, that the next ship must be bigger, and so on. Why not take the whole step at once? Simply because on this line there is no step so big that there is not one still beyond.

Eliminate the question of size, and other qualities will rapidly fall into their true relative proportions. How shall this be done? I see no way save by international agreement; as, for instance, an accepted limitation that no naval vessel should be built exceeding a certain displacement. With that sole restriction, leave the question of classes, speeds, armaments, numbers, to the determination of each State. Undoubtedly, such limitation would affect different countries differently. One with relatively shoal waters would be advantaged by a size not transcending the channels of her ports; but those enjoying greater depths might protect themselves in the negotiations, without sacrificing the principle of *some* limitation. In the present race, also, wealthy nations have an advantage over poorer; but, as all suffer, that one's neighbor suffers more is scarcely a reason for refusal. Money spent on naval shipbuilding is spent doubtless within the country; but, while the benefit obtains to a class, the whole community bears the burden. Again, the suggested limitation would be artificial. Doubtless; but all conventions are simply artificial methods of solving difficulties which in the nature of things cannot otherwise be overcome; the remedies of the physician are artificial means for combating a disorder of nature; and the nature of things has constituted now a set of conditions, in

the obviating of which all naval nations are interested, though not all equally.

Finally, it may be added that professional tone will benefit immensely when dependence ceases to be placed mainly on increase of bulk to ensure national predominance; when, limited as to size, regard must be paid chiefly to the proportion and distribution of powers in the ship to ensure its best efficiency, and to professional comprehension of the conduct of war to ensure meeting the enemy under the circumstances and with the combinations which command victory in the campaign, or on the field of battle. In short, from such limitation of size would result a clearer comprehension that the men are greater than the ships. This is not forgotten, indeed, and receives recognition in the ever-increasing attention bestowed upon training; but it is overshadowed by the excessive care concerning implements induced by present conditions.

The original motive of the first Hague Conference was the limitation of armaments. As far as known to me, no well-reasoned plan for attaining this end was then submitted, and the question of arbitration took precedence of all others. It remains to be seen whether anything more definite in the way of arrest of expenditure will come before the next. I do not believe that

The National Review.

nations will consent to restrict the aggregate strength of their navies by any other method than the exercise of their own discretion; but it might be recognized that the race for great size, in order to obtain higher speed without the sacrifice of other qualities, has no goal attainable. It is an unending progression, which causes unending increase of expense in two ways. First, it adds greatly to the cost of the individual ship; and, second, it prematurely and wantonly relegates to the junk-heap vessels useless only because outdone by the new construction. Such vessels must continuously be replaced; for, while it may be possible to limit size, numbers cannot be restricted to any like extent. The wider the naval responsibilities of a nation the less can it dispense with numerical force. Nor is this true only of primary dispositions. Exigencies of repair, re-coaling, refreshment of crews, renewal of supplies, in a word the exigencies of war, require a reserve, which in turn demands numbers. Also, as far as can be inferred from recent naval hostilities, the loss or injury to material is likely to exceed that to *personnel*; the necessity for a reserve of ships to replace those damaged will be more imperative even than the demand for men. This again means numbers.

A. T. Mahan.

EUGENICS AND ST. VALENTINE.

I.

During recent years the question of the future of the race, and more especially of the English-speaking peoples, has been brought before us in a way it has never been brought before. Half a century ago the English-speaking countries of the world found themselves developing so rapidly in wealth, prosperity, and population that it seemed

to them for the moment that the whole earth was their heritage, and that the other peoples of the world would sooner or later be hopelessly submerged. Such a view can no longer be maintained. On the one hand, in the smaller countries there has been a growing movement of nationalism, an impulse to resist external invading forces of every

kind, and to cherish national languages and national literatures. On the other hand, an entirely different tendency is now seen in the birth-rates of the large countries which seemed about to swallow the others. The great expansive movement is over. Whereas fifty years ago France seemed to present a striking contrast to other countries in her low and gradually falling birth-rate, to-day, though she has herself now almost reached a stationary position, France is seen merely to have been the leader in a movement which is common to all the more highly civilized nations. They are all now moving rapidly in the direction in which she moved slowly. More strikingly than anywhere is this movement witnessed in the English-speaking countries, from the oldest to the youngest. In England, in the United States, in Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand, the birth-rate, more especially of the so-called "Anglo-Saxon" elements of the population, is rapidly falling. Here and there it has already fallen lower than in France, and in those lands in which there is the highest general level of prosperity (as we may see in New Zealand) we find the most marked tendency to a low birth-rate. The belief that the "Anglo-Saxon" would increase and multiply till he covered the whole earth now belongs to the past.

There are always people who seem anxious to dash their heads against a wall—fortunately, it is true, usually people whose heads are not likely to be damaged in the process—and it was inevitable that this movement, world-wide as it is, should call forth energetic protests from those who still cling to the notion of an English-speaking world empire. There has thus been much vigorous preaching against "race suicide." But whatever the causes of the declining birth-rate may be—and it is unnecessary here to enter into a question that is more complex than many

people imagine—it is certain that even when they are within our control they are of far too intimate a character for the public moralist to be permitted to touch them. It has to be recognized that we are here in the presence not of a merely local or temporary tendency which might be shaken off with an effort, but of a great fundamental law of civilization; and the fact that we have encountered it in our own race merely means that we are reaching a fairly high stage of civilization. It is far from the first time in the history of the world that the same phenomenon has been witnessed. It was seen in imperial Rome; it was seen, again, in the "Protestant Rome," Geneva. Here were gathered together an exceedingly fine race of people, the flower of Protestant France, people of the highest mental and moral distinction, and the birth-rate fell steadily. Vice and virtue alike avail nothing in this field. With high civilization fertility inevitably diminishes, sterility inevitably increases.

II.

Under these circumstances it was to be expected that a new ideal should begin to flash before men's eyes. If the ideal of *quantity* is lost to us, why not seek the ideal of *quality*? We know that the old rule, "Increase and multiply," meant a vast amount of infant mortality, of starvation, of chronic disease, of widespread misery. In abandoning that rule, as we have been forced to do, are we not now left free to seek that our children, though few, should be at all events fit, the finest, alike in physical and psychical constitution, that the world has seen?

Thus has come about the recent expansion of that conception of *eugenics*—or the science and art of being well-born, and of breeding the human race a step nearer towards perfection—which a few among us, and more espe-

cially Mr. Francis Galton, have been developing for some years past. Eugenics is beginning to be felt to possess a living actuality which it was not felt to possess before. Instead of being a benevolent scientific fad, it begins to present itself as the goal to which we are inevitably moving.

It has always seemed to me that Mr. Galton somewhat prejudiced the cause of eugenics in the public mind by comparing it to the artificial breeding of domestic animals. In reality the two things are altogether different. In breeding animals a higher race of beings manipulates a lower race with the object of securing definite points that are of no use whatever to the animals themselves but of considerable value to the breeders. In our own race, on the other hand the problem of breeding is presented in an entirely different shape. There is as yet no race of super-men who are prepared to breed man for their own special ends. As things are, even if we had the ability and the power, we should surely hesitate before we bred men and women as we breed dogs or fowls. We may, therefore, quite put aside all discussion of eugenics as a sort of higher cattle-breeding. It is undesirable, it is impracticable; and it lends itself to cheap ridicule.

But there is another aspect of eugenics, and one which Mr. Galton himself has by no means lost sight of. Human eugenics need not be, and is not likely to be, a cold-blooded selection of partners by some outside scientific authority. But it may be, and is very likely to be, a slowly growing conviction—first among the more intelligent members of the community, and then by imitation and fashion among the less intelligent members—that our children, the future race, the torch-bearers of civilization for succeeding ages, are not the mere result of chance or Providence, but that, in a very real sense,

it is within our grasp to mould them, that the salvation or damnation of many future generations lies in our hands, since it depends on our wise and sane choice of a mate. The results of the breeding of those persons who ought never to be parents is well known; the notorious case of the "Jukes" family is but one among many instances. We could scarcely expect in any community that individuals like the Jukeses would take the initiative in movements for the eugenic development of the race, but it makes much difference whether such families exist in an environment like our own which is indifferent to the future of the race, or whether they are surrounded by influences of a more wholesome character which can scarcely fail to some extent to affect and even to control the reckless and anti-social elements in the community.

In considering this question, therefore, we are justified in putting aside not only every kind of human breeding resembling the artificial breeding of animals, but also, at all events for the present, every compulsory prohibition on marriage or procreation. We must be content to concern ourselves with ideals, and with the endeavor to exert our personal influence in the realization of these ideals.

III.

Such ideals cannot, however, be left in the air; if they depend on individual caprice, nothing but fruitless confusion can come of them. They must be firmly grounded on a scientific basis of ascertained fact. This has been repeatedly emphasized by Mr. Galton. He has not only initiated schemes for obtaining, but actually to some extent obtained, a large amount of scientific knowledge concerning the special characteristics and aptitudes of families. The feverish activities of modern life, and the constant vicissitudes and

accidents that overtake families to-day, have led to an extraordinary indifference to family history and tradition. Our forefathers, from generation to generation, carefully entered births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths in the fly-leaf of the family Bible. It is largely owing to these precious entries that many are able to carry their family history several centuries further back than they otherwise could. But nowadays the family Bible has for the most part ceased to exist, and nothing else has taken its place. If a man wishes to know of what sort of stocks he has come, unless he is himself an antiquary or in a position to employ an antiquary to assist him, he can learn little, and in the most favorable position he is helpless without clues, though with such clues he might often learn much that would be of the greatest interest to him. The entries in the family Bible, however, whatever their value as clues and even as actual data, do not furnish adequate information to serve as a guide to the different qualities of stocks. We need far more detailed and varied information in order to realize the respective values of families from the point of view of eugenics. Here, again, Mr. Galton has already realized the need for supplying a great defect in our knowledge, and his life-history albums which show how the necessary information may be conveniently registered are already beginning to be widely known and valued.

The histories of individual families, while of great value, cannot, it is evident, furnish a foundation on which to base scientific generalizations, still less one which would justify practical action. Steps are, however, already being taken to supplement this defect, at all events to some extent and in some respects. A vast amount of valuable information on which it is possible to build up a knowledge of the correlated characteristics of families lies at pres-

ent unused in the great insurance offices; and when this begins to be used, as there is now reason to believe that it will be, for scientific purposes, and is thrown into a properly tabulated form, we shall certainly be in a position to know more of the qualities of stocks, of their good and bad characteristics, and of the degree in which they are correlated.

In this way we shall in time be able to obtain a clear picture of the probable results on the offspring of unions between any kind of people. From personal and ancestral data we shall be able to reckon the probable quality of the offspring of a married couple. Given a man and woman of known personal qualities and of known ancestors, what are likely to be the personal qualities, physical, mental, and moral, of the children? That is a question of immense importance for the beings whom we bring into the world, for the community generally, and for the future race.

Eventually, it seems evident, a general system, whether private or public, whereby all personal facts, biological and mental, normal and morbid, are duly and systematically registered, must become inevitable if we are to have a real guide as to those persons who are most fit or least fit to carry on the race. Unless they are full and frank such records are useless. But it is obvious that for a long time to come such a system of registration must be private. According to the belief which is still deeply rooted in most of us, we regard as most private those facts of our lives which are most intimately connected with the life of the race, and most fateful for the future of humanity. The feeling is no doubt inevitable; it has a certain rightness and justification. As, however, our knowledge increases we shall learn that we are on the one hand a little more responsible for the future generations than we are

accustomed to think, and on the other hand a little less responsible for our own good or bad qualities. Our fiat makes the future man, but, in the same way, we are ourselves made by a choice and a will not our own. A man may, indeed, within limits, mould himself, but the materials he can alone use were handed on to him by his parents, and whether he becomes a man of genius, a criminal, a drunkard, an epileptic, or an ordinarily healthy, well-conducted, and intelligent citizen must depend at least as much on his parents as on his own effort or lack of effort, since even the aptitude for effective effort is largely inborn. As we learn to look on the facts from the only sound standpoint of heredity our anger or contempt for the failing and erring individual has to give way to the kindly but firm control of a weakling. If the children's teeth have been set on edge, it is because the parents have eaten sour grapes.

If, however, we certainly cannot in the immediate future bring legal or even moral force to compel every one to maintain such detailed registers of himself, his ancestral stocks and his offspring, to say nothing of inducing him to make them public, there is something that we can do. We can make it to his interest to keep such a record. If it became an advantage in life to a man to possess good ancestors, and to be himself a good specimen of humanity in mind, character, and physique, we may be sure that those who are above the average in these matters will be glad to make use of that superiority. Insurance offices already make an inquiry into such matters, to which no one objects, because a man only submits to it for his own advantage; while for military and some other services similar inquiries are compulsory. Eugenic certificates, according to Mr. Galton's proposal, would be issued by a suitably constituted authority to those

candidates who chose to apply for them and were able to pass the necessary tests. Such certificates would imply an inquiry and examination into the ancestry of the candidate as well as into his own constitution, health, intelligence, and character; and the possession of such a certificate would involve a superiority to the average in all these respects. No one would be compelled to offer himself for such examination, just as no one is compelled to seek a university degree; but its possession would often be an advantage. There is nothing to prevent the establishment of a board of examiners of this kind to-morrow, and we may be sure that, once established, many candidates would hasten to present themselves. There are obviously many positions in life wherein a certificate of this kind of superiority would be helpful. But its chief distinction would be that its possession would be a kind of patent of natural nobility; the man or woman who held it would be one of Nature's aristocrats, to whom the future of the race might be safely left without further question.

Through the munificence of Mr. Galton and the co-operation of the University of London the beginning of the attainment of these eugenic ideals has at length been rendered possible. The senate of the University has this year appointed Mr. Edgar Schuster, of New College, Oxford, to the Francis Galton Research Scholarship in Natural Eugenics. It will be Mr. Schuster's duty to carry out investigations into the history of classes and of families, and to deliver lectures and publish memoirs on the subject of his investigations. It is a beginning only, but the end no man can foresee.

IV.

By a happy inspiration, which will long remain memorable, Mr. Galton chose to make public his programme of

eugenic research in a paper read before the Sociological Society on the 14th of February, the festival of St. Valentine. Although the ancient observances of that day have now died out, St. Valentine was for many centuries the patron saint of sexual selection, more especially in England. It can scarcely be said that any credit in this matter belongs to the venerable saint himself; it was by an accident that he achieved his conspicuous position in the world. He was simply a pious Christian who was beheaded for his faith in Rome under Claudius. But it so happened that his festival fell at that period in early spring when birds were believed to pair, and when youths and maidens were accustomed to select partners for themselves or for others. This custom—which has been studied, together with many allied primitive practices, by Mannhardt—was not always carried out on the 14th of February; sometimes it took place a little later. In England, where it was strictly associated with St. Valentine's Day, the custom was referred to by Lydgate, and by Charles of Orleans in the rondeaus and ballades he wrote during his long imprisonment in England; and the name Valentins, or Valentines, was introduced into France—where the custom had long existed—to designate the young couples thus constituted. This method of sexual selection, half-playful, half-serious, flourished especially in the region between England, the Moselle, and the Tyrol. The essential part of the custom lay in the public choice of a fitting mate for marriageable girls. Sometimes the question of fitness resolved itself into one of good looks; occasionally the matter was settled by lot. There was no compulsion about these unions; they were often little more than a game, though at times they involved a degree of immorality which caused the authorities to oppose them. But very frequently the sexual selec-

tion thus exerted led to weddings, and these playful Valentine unions were held to be a specially favorable prelude to a happy marriage.

It is scarcely necessary to show how the ancient customs associated with St. Valentine's Day are taken up again and placed on a higher plane by the great movement which is now beginning to shape itself among us. The old Valentine unions were made by a process of caprice tempered more or less by sound instincts and good sense. In the sexual selection of the future the same results will be attained by more or less deliberate and conscious recognition of the great laws and tendencies which investigation is slowly bringing to light. The new St. Valentine will be a saint of science rather than of folk-lore.

Whenever such statements as these are made it is always retorted that love laughs at science, and that the winds of passion blow where they list. That, however, is by no means altogether true, and in any case it is far from covering the whole of the ground. It is not true that any one loves any one, and that mutual attraction is entirely a matter of chance. The investigations which have lately been carried out show that there are certain definite tendencies in this matter, that certain kinds of people tend to be attracted to certain kinds, especially that like are attracted to like rather than unlike to unlike, and that, again, while some kinds of people tend to be married with special frequency other kinds tend to be left unmarried. Sexual selection, even when left to random influences, is still not left to chance; it follows definite and ascertainable laws. In that way the free play of love, however free it may appear, is really limited in a number of directions. People do not tend to fall in love with those who are in racial respects a contrast to themselves; they

do not tend to fall in love with foreigners; they do not tend to be attracted to the ugly, the diseased, the deformed. All these things may happen, but they are the exception and not the rule. These limitations to the roving impulses of love, while very real, to some extent vary at different periods in accordance with the ideals which happen to be fashionable. In more remote ages they have been still more profoundly modified by religious and social ideas; polygamy and polyandry, the custom of marrying only inside one's own caste, or only outside it—all these various and contradictory plans have been easily accepted at some place and some time, and have offered no more conscious obstacle to the free play of love than among ourselves is offered by the prohibition against marriage between near relations. As Mr. Galton and those who think with him conceive it, the eugenic ideal which is now developing is not an artificial product but the reasoned manifestation of a natural instinct, which has often been far more severely strained by the arbitrary prohibitions of the past than it is ever likely to be by any eugenic ideals of the future. The new ideal will be absorbed into the conscience of the community, like a kind of new religion, and will instinctively and unconsciously influence the impulses of men and women. It will do all this the more surely since, unlike the taboos of savage societies, the eugenic ideal will lead men and women to reject as partners only the men and women who are naturally unfit—the diseased, the abnormal, the weaklings—and conscience will thus be on the side of impulse.

It may, indeed, be pointed out that those who advocate a higher and more scientific conscience in matters of mating are by no means plotting against love, which is for the most part on their side, but rather against the influences that do violence to love—on the one

hand, the reckless and thoughtless yielding to mere momentary desire; and on the other hand, the still more fatal influence of wealth and position and worldly convenience, which give a factitious value to persons who would never appear attractive partners in life were love and eugenic ideals left to go hand in hand. It is this sort of unions, and not those which are inspired by the wholesome instincts of wholesome lovers, which leads to the deterioration of the race. The eugenic ideal will have to struggle with the criminal, and still more resolutely with the rich; it will have few serious quarrels with normal and well-constituted lovers.

It will now perhaps be clear how it is that the eugenic conception of the improvement of the race embodies a new ideal. We are familiar with legislative projects for the sterilization of the unfit. But such projects, and, indeed, any mere legislation, cannot go to the root of the matter; for, in the first place, what we need is a great body of facts, and a careful attention to the record and registration and statistical tabulation of personal and family histories; in the second place, we need that sound ideals and a high sense of responsibility should permeate the whole community, first its finer and more distinguished members, and then, by the usual contagion that rules in such matters, the whole body of its members. In time, no doubt, this would lead to concerted social action. We may reasonably expect that a time will come when if, for instance, as in a case known to me, an epileptic woman conceals her condition from the man she is marrying it would generally be felt that an offence has been committed serious enough to invalidate the marriage. We must not suppose that lovers would be either willing or competent to investigate each other's family and medical histories; but it would be

at least as easy and as simple to choose a partner from those persons who had successfully passed the eugenic test—more especially since such persons would certainly be the most attractive group in the community—as it is for an Australian aborigine to select a conjugal partner from one social group

The Nineteenth Century and After.

rather than from any other. It is a matter of accepting an ideal and of exerting our personal and social influence in the direction of that ideal. If we really seek to raise the level of humanity we may in this way begin to do so to-day.

Havelock Ellis.

WILD WHEAT.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL). AUTHOR OF "LYCHGATE HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

PROBATION-TIME.

Now began that phase of Peter's life on which he subsequently looked back as on a dream. He only seemed to live during those few minutes snatched at dusk beneath the beech-tree when, like another Diana, Nathalie condescended to her lowly lover. And the bliss of those moments was dream-like too—unreal, evanescent, never failing to leave behind a sense of unsatisfied longing.

Sometimes Nathalie was gracious, and then the poor fellow's heart swelled within him with pride and triumph; he was beginning to make way with her, he told himself; the hour of complete conquest could not be far off; the love, which gained in passion and intensity every day, must produce some answering warmth in her.

At such times Peter would lie on the grass at her feet, scarcely speaking, but gazing—gazing with those ardent eyes of his which were always pleading humbly for the gift that she withheld. And Nathalie would fold her small hands composedly in her lap, and contemplate him gravely in return, the lines of her face gentle, yet inscrutable. She was like a small, soft Sphinx, perpetually propounding a riddle which

Peter could not divine. Nevertheless, when she was in such moods as these, Peter was deliriously happy. Just to see her—just to be near her! To take note of how the sunbeams, sliding down the tree trunk, crept over her face, and of how that fine skin of hers showed flawless in answer to the test; to see how her hair wavered in the light breeze, to watch her hands clasped with such placid grace—how miraculously white they were! Now and then to be granted a word or two—a phrase, that would have been insignificant on any other lips, but that, coming from her, was fraught with deep and delicious meaning. Was not this bliss enough? If only it did not leave such a void behind!

But Nathalie was not always in this pleasant, if impassive, frame of mind. Sometimes she was peevish, petulant, almost harsh, dashing to the ground the delicately reared structure of Peter's hopes by a glance from her blue eyes. Those glances made Peter shiver; he seemed to read in them aversion. And though by no spoken word did she condemn his aspirations he would go home downcast, chiding himself for his folly in daring to think she would ever stoop to him.

Other trials, too, fell to his lot.

One morning, as he chanced to be

walking along the road, returning from some errand to the village, a familiar hoof-beat fell upon his ear, and turning, he saw Tess—his own Tess—clothed and hooded and bestridden by a strange man. As Peter stood still the creature also stopped abruptly, whinnying with delight, and thrusting her soft nose almost into his face.

"Hullo! what's this?" cried the rider. "The beast seems to know you."

"Oh, yes, she knows me well enough," responded Peter, steadying his voice with difficulty. "I had a good deal to say to her when she was a young one."

"Well, she's a nice mare," conceded the other; "she ought to be, too. My boss has given a nice price for her."

"She's been sold, then?" rejoined Peter huskily; "the folks yonder have sold her?"

"Sold, right enough; but no need to pull such a long face. It'll be a rise in the world for her. We don't have no rubbish at the—Stud."

"Oh, that's all right," responded Peter, vaguely.

He pulled down Tess's head and kissed her once, twice, between her velvet nostrils; and then, turning abruptly vaulted over the park wall.

He heard the man give a whistle of astonishment, and the dancing tread of Tess's hoofs fall once more on the highway. He stood listening till the sound of them had died away in the distance, and then set forth on his daily round with his heart bursting within him. That they should sell Tess—his Tess!—the beautiful high-mettled creature who had been bred on their own land, broken by Peter's own hands, who had answered to his voice like a dog, who had recognized him even now in his strange, uncouth garb; Tess, who might have lived in the familiar place for another score of years, and left valuable descendants to recall her memory—that they should sell her to

strangers! Surely no reason could have actuated the authorities at home except the desire to be rid of everything that could remind them of himself.

"I should think they will shoot Speed," he groaned; but in his heart he knew he lied; and the fancied picture of Speed stalking obediently at Godfrey's heel, curled up at Godfrey's feet, gazing into Godfrey's eyes, was even more distasteful to him.

Another day he caught sight of his mother standing outside the village shop. He gazed at her for a moment, but as soon as her eyes met his she turned about and hastened in the opposite direction.

He made a point of attending Service on Sunday at a distant village, so that his presence might not distress his relations or the Rector; and once the latter, meeting him, had taken him to task for deserting his own parish church.

Peter made no attempt to defend himself, but the bitterness within him increased and strengthened.

It was noticeable that when he returned home, sick at heart or gloomy, Prue—who seemed to divine his mood by instinct—would avoid talking to him, and would sit very quiet in her corner until the moment came when she could testify her sympathy by the performance of some little unobtrusive service, such as the filling of his pipe or the mending of a rent in his coat. Sometimes, indeed, Peter would go out of doors to smoke, and then Prue would accompany him; and though she seldom spoke, unless he spoke to her, her presence cheered him. When he returned home joyful, Prue would be gay too; she would laugh and chatter during supper, but in the evening she lingered by her mother's side.

One evening, when the interview between the lovers had been of peculiarly short duration, Peter, returning from the trysting-place, came upon the keeper's

daughter stationed at the entrance to the narrow path. She started when she saw him and seemed confused.

"What are you doing here?" he asked sharply.

"I am keeping watch," she returned; "I thought somebody might pass this way and disturb you—and the lady. I always come here, but I generally slip off before you come back."

Peter gazed at her, uncertain whether to be pleased or annoyed by this unsolicited attention.

"I couldn't possibly hear your talk," went on Prue, flushing quickly; "but I like to fancy I'm doing something to help you, and it's so lovely to stand here and think of it."

Peter smiled, though he felt oddly disconcerted.

"Oh, yes," continued Prue, clasping her hands impetuously. "I keep on thinking of it, and trying to picture it to myself—you two loving each other so much, and so happy together! You are not vexed, Mr. Hounsell?"

"No, I'm not vexed, but I—you are a very odd little maid, Prue!"

"You see," she hastened to explain, "I'm so far off, and the trees are so thick that even if I tried to look I couldn't see; but I always stand with my back towards you. See near this big sycamore-tree. I like this big tree. See how this forked branch sticks out—I always stand here—just opposite it. You don't mind my doing it, do you, Mr. Hounsell?"

"No," said Peter doubtfully; then, as her face fell, he added more kindly, "I think it is very good of you to act as our sentry."

She cheered up at this, and her face lost its anxious expression; nevertheless, as she paced along at his side, she stole many questioning glances at him, uncertain as to whether her assiduity in his service had not really provoked rather than gratified him.

She continued, however, to repair to

her post, and the advisability of her doing so was presently demonstrated, for as he and Nathalie sat side by side one evening, Prue's voice rang out close to them:

"Where be goin', father?" it cried. "There's something round here. I want to show 'ee. 'Tis a nest—but I can't tell what kind o' bird's it be?"

"Another time, my maid," responded the keeper's tones, also very near.

"No, no; I want you to see it now. I've run a long way arter ye a-purpose."

"Well, then," conceded Meadway; and the tramp of his great feet was heard gradually receding.

"I must go!" cried Nathalie, jumping up hastily. "How lucky that girl chanced to be near here. I shouldn't have liked her father to have come upon us."

"Yes, was it not lucky?" agreed Peter, without, however, revealing that Prue's presence was not accidental. Nathalie was so reserved, in a way so haughty, she might resent the fact that the keeper's daughter shared their secret, and kept watch over them from choice.

Nevertheless, that same evening he congratulated Prue, and was amused and touched at her evident delight.

She interested him in more ways than one; he had not been long in discovering that she was extremely intelligent, but, as was natural under the circumstances, absolutely ignorant of life and the world. She read a great deal, there being a fairly good parish library at her disposal, and Peter gratified her by supplementing this with occasional volumes from his own store. Her criticisms of what she read, and the construction which she put on things in general, were quaint and diverting in the extreme, and he frequently amused himself by drawing her out.

He looked on her at first as a mere child, but a little incident which occurred one evening revealed another

side to her character. Returning as usual from meeting Nathalie, and walking, it must be supposed, more cautiously than was his wont, he caught sight of the faithful little sentry on duty by her sycamore-tree. She was not aware of his approach, and in consequence did not turn her head; Peter perceiving this, took pains to advance noiselessly, and presently saw her stretch out her arms hesitatingly towards the forked boughs of the sycamore, and drop her hands lightly on to its wide leaves. At the same time she tilted her head a little backwards, and smiled very sweetly and tenderly, her face lighting up the while.

"What is the child doing?" thought Peter to himself.

Prue, still smiling, let her hands linger on the forked bough; her lips moved; she was evidently enacting some little drama known only to herself.

A twig cracked beneath Peter's foot, and the spell was broken. She quickly withdrew her hands, and whisked round, her face suffused with blushes, her eyes hardly daring to meet his.

"Why, what is the matter, Prue," he cried. "What have you been playing at?"

Prue was dumb.

"Well, you needn't tell me if you don't like," resumed he; "but I don't see why you should look so guilty."

He spoke laughingly, but the girl grew more and more confused. Turning quickly from him, she began to stammer out a series of hasty and disconnected remarks, about the fineness of the evening, and what a pity it was the nightingales had ceased to sing; and—yes, this certainly was her favorite tree. Was it not a large one? And just look at these great leaves! Her fingers dropped again on to the extremities of the forked bough.

"They are like green hands," she said. Peter instantly divined her secret.

Having no actual lover, and no prospect of ever finding one to her mind, Prue, standing on the outskirts of another couple's romance, had comforted herself by playing at one of her own. Her big tree was an imaginary sweetheart; the forked bough, strong arms stretched forth to woo her; the leaves, hands which in fancy closed on hers; her lips had moved to who knew what words of tenderness, invented by herself.

Peter began to laugh; but suddenly catching a fuller glimpse of the shrinking, quivering face, he exclaimed: "Poor little maid!"

He came down very early one September morning, after having passed a restless and unhappy night, and stole out into the quiet of the woods in the hope of calming himself before the labors of the day. After making a few paces he caught sight of Prue advancing quickly towards him.

"I am so glad you have come out," she cried joyously. "I want to show you something. 'Tis the prettiest sight! I have been watching for a long time; do come and see it too."

Her eyes were bright, eager even, in the shadowy light. As he stood gazing at her dully, without replying, she slid her hand impatiently into his—a little warm hand, frank and fearless as that of a child. His own fingers involuntarily grasped it for a moment, but suddenly he dropped it as though it stung him. Prue gazed at him, deeply abashed.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured. "I didn't mean—I wasn't thinking. Please forgive me, Mr. Hounsell, I didn't mean to be forward."

"You are not forward, Prue," he answered quickly. "It is I who am a surly fellow. But the fact is, I am feeling very sore—sore and put out. I'll tell you about it, and then you'll forgive me. Last night I took hold of other little hands—her hands—"

Prue nodded.

"They were icy cold, and I thought she would let me warm them in mine, but she snatched them away—with such a look."

Prue drew a step nearer, gazing at him wistfully.

"I couldn't sleep all night for thinking of it," he continued, "and when you put your hand in mine so kindly and confidently—you, who care nothing at all about me—it was more than I could bear."

"It's quite different, though," said Prue, after a pause. "She's not any ways like me. She's—she's—oh, she might be a queen, a fairy queen. You know I always say she's like a fairy queen—and I'm just an ordinary girl."

"You are my kind little comforter," said he. "Give me your hand again, my dear, and lead me wherever you like."

As she hesitated, he took possession of the little brown hand once more, and Prue piloted him in silence through the wood into a sort of clearing at some

distance from the cottage, where, posting him beside a group of fir-trees, she pointed out to him the antics of a family of fox-cubs which were at play amid tree-stumps and bracken.

Though Peter watched them with the eyes of a connoisseur, his mind was busy with other thoughts. Prue's chance phrase lingered there as words of hers often did. "She might be a fairy queen; I am an ordinary girl." Yes, that was just the difference between them. Nathalie was elf-like in her mysteriousness, her elusiveness, the very quality of her beauty; while Prue—little Prue—was brown, and warm, and kindly—a very child of earth. No mysteries about Prue, no haughtiness; on the contrary, she was always ready with as prompt and whole-hearted a response to an encouraging word or a kind look as was bountiful Nature to return a hundred-fold the seed dropped into her bosom. But Prue and he cared nothing for each other, and his whole existence hung balanced on the brittle thread of Nathalie's favor.

Longman's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS OF A GOLDEN AGE.

Veterans who love the comparative ease and comfort of what was nevertheless a strenuous literary life are inclined to look back with regret on the past and indulge in jeremiads over the present. At best the life, except for the supreme genius—and he has often to be content with posthumous fame and small profits—is very much of a gamble. There is luck in the times and seasons, as unlooked-for chances are ever falling to the few and some men seem to be born to happy fortunes. Looking on literature in the widest sense of the word, simply as a trade, there are writers who hitting off the

popular taste fluke themselves into lucrative popularity. If wise enough to take their own measure they will save while the sun shines, for there is pretty sure to be sooner or later an eclipse. But the luck of the *littérateur* has come to him in cycles. Macaulay in some of his most graphic passages has described British letters at their nadir, when Johnson and Savage, supperless and with no beds, were walking S. James' Square through the night, pledging themselves to stand by their country. The munificent patron had ceased to patronize and the public had not as yet come to the rescue. The

Grub Street that anticipated Paternoster Row and Albemarle Street paid its miserable hacks starvation wages: they sometimes dined in a cellar with the destitute and as often dined Barmecide-fashion with Duke Humphrey. Then the tide began to turn, and we fear it was about high-water mark in the last generation. Happily and naturally those who have been most lucky are disposed in looking back to forget the pains and recall the pleasures, but there can be no doubt that some of us had a pleasant time. Facts speak emphatically. Every one nowadays seems gifted or inspired: the pen is the invariable resource of the impecunious. We see the ever-increasing struggle for life and the mad rush of breathless competition, where, as in the scramble for the doors in a fire at a theatre, the weak go to the wall or are trodden underfoot. We of the older school curse the pitiless progress of diabolical invention with its telegraphs, typewriting and telephones. Even at sea under peremptory medical orders, no jaded writer can leave his cares behind him. Wireless telegraphy, that fell inspiration of Marconi's casts its black shadow over him wherever he may steam. He is always in fear of a disagreeable surprise. Even at home and in what should be the calm seclusion of the library or study, there is little time to think, for everything must be driven ahead at high pressure; and digestion and assimilation have to take their chances, as at the standing lunches at an American bar.

To go into details take a glance at books—with rare exceptions by authors of repute and very original research, they are born to die and their day is as brief as that of the ephemera. About a hundred years ago Southey warned a young aspirant that in the multiplication of publications talent had the poorest possible chance and letters were the most hopeless of careers. Scott in

the full flush of his unexampled success said that literature should be a staff but never a crutch. What would they have said now or even forty years ago? Yet forty years ago the author was relatively well off; neither he nor his reviewer had much cause of complaint. "The trade," as it is called, was virtually in the hands of a few publishers, with names of note and an hereditary connection. Their imprimatur gave their issues a certain cachet. Whatever Southey's ghost might have thought, the market then was scarcely glutted, for the taste for reading had been growing apace. Books were still bought on occasion, in place of being invariably borrowed, for the circulating library was not as yet autocratic; and the most important is known to have been on the brink of insolvency when the publishers with short-sighted policy came to its relief. The head of one of the leading houses has told me how often he regretted that fatal mistake. The libraries became their masters, and in the plenitude of their power could put their veto on the good old fashion of the three-volume novel. It is true that the nominal price of 31s. 6d. was an absurdity, even after commissions and remissions had been deducted, and rubbish was often sold at fancy prices. But the system was highly remunerative to men who had made their mark, and even those who were scarcely in the second flight were assured of modest profits. I have known books that would now be barely succès d'estime bring in their £200 or £300. Now with the Procrustean method of packing everything into the six-shilling volume, though they might probably bring the publisher home, the author would be left out in the cold. Then the output of fiction was relatively limited, and a merely average novel might be individualized in the dead season by elaborate reviews. I have known one that has been long since forgotten

honored with a couple of columns in the "Times," and half as many in the "Morning Post," "Standard" and "Daily News." Yet even then the literary power of the Press had woefully diminished since Harrison Ainsworth and G. P. R. James had their long and successful innings. The late George Smith—and the speciality of the discoverer of the Brontës and the publisher of Thackeray was the novel—declared that if such reviews had appeared a score of years sooner he would have at once struck off a second edition of a thousand. That second edition was never asked for. Now we can see how hard the fight for a sale is, by the grotesque contortions and rhapsodical "fore-words" and panegyrics of rival publishers in the advertisement columns of the papers. "The novel of the season" comes out every day, and with successive editions of the evening papers the proprietors of patent medicines and old brandies are outboomed.

The high pressure tells as severely on writers of serious works. Advance sheets or early copies are circulated; they should be read and meditated at leisure, but they must be reviewed at red-hot speed. I happen to remember a notable case in point, related by the late John Murray, when that new-fangled fashion was beginning to vex him. A most important work by one of the first philosophers of the age had come out in two volumes. As it demanded much thought and probably many references, advance sheets had been forwarded to an expert, with an intimation of the day of publication. The notice, and it was a long one, appeared prematurely, but in answer to a courteous offer which had accompanied the sheets, they were sent back to Albemarle Street to be bound. The pages of Vol. I. had only been cut here and there; those of the second volume had not been tampered with till the critic came to the final chapter. So it must

often happen now, and really it is scarcely the reviewer's fault, for he is crushed under the weight of weekly avalanches, like the horses in a heavy wagon going downhill when roads are greasy and the skid has slipped.

Thirty or forty years ago the reviewer with heart and soul in his work might nevertheless go about it as a literary voluptuary. With time at his disposal and ample elbow-room, lying back in the chair in his library, he could read for sheer pleasure and rest and be thankful. It is true that during the parliamentary session, in the "Times" and the great dailies, with special exceptions of any notable books, reviews were crowded out except at Easter or Whitsuntide. They came on in due course: the public gained and the authors had justice. In the "Times," to single out some examples, the Lives of Brougham and Lyndhurst, George Elliot's biography, and Carlyle's Life had each three articles of two or three columns, and in fact with books of any mark or likelihood the writer had license to use his discretion. Even with a literary weekly like the "Spectator" under the excellent management of Hutton and Townshend, though it was a standing reproach that the lighter books, and especially novels, were unduly belated, nevertheless, for the writer it was a fault on the right side. For then, it must be remembered that the "Spectator" and "Saturday" with the "Athenæum" had the field pretty much to themselves, and in both the novel still claimed its couple of columns, in place of being necessarily served up in batches after some selection from the weekly miraculous draught. The reviewer could indulge himself quietly when a novel took his fancy and put infinitely more cash to his credit.

If a Dickens or a Thackeray were flourishing now he would hardly dare the experiment of the green and yellow

covers in monthly parts, yet though in the springtide of their popularity they were rather before my time, I well remember the welcome they had in many a country house and how eagerly the new number was expected. Lever, who scarcely ranked with them, made the running for a time in slate color, and with fair success. John Blackwood was encouraged to launch the *Chevely Novels* in monthly folio form, though there for once his sagacity failed him and the author struck a sensational key at the start which could not possibly be sustained. Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant with their marvellous fertility were lucky in living when they lived, but their receipts had sadly diminished before they died, though their easy flowing vein was far from exhausted. But now we are all for sickly sentimentality or the frivolities of the smart set: for blare and thunder, battle, murder and sudden death: the sensational historical novel with duels, conspiracy and intrigue; or the novel of the French after the school of Maupassant, with as much of the "*Boule de Sulf*" as may be safely risked. The demand and the necessity is for some show of novelty and it has become difficult indeed to gratify it.

In earlier days the few literary weeklies and magazines were so many friendly societies or social clubs and in a sense close corporations. Not that they did not welcome promising recruits but the recruiting was for the most part done by the initiated. John Blackwood for example, a model of the social editor, was always urging his contributors to be on the lookout for talent. The vast multiplication of periodicals may have been a gain for the public, as it has thrown the field open to innumerable outsiders, but I am writing from the old contributor's point of view. Though it may be doubted whether even from the public point of view much may not be

said in favor of the coterie. It has worked well and profitably in the case of "*Punch*," with the weekly dinner and the table chat over subjects. Members of the coterie, skilfully organized and conducted, played methodically into each other's hands. More or less, they had their own departments, and in the spheres assigned them they kept touch with the times. Take "*Maga*," which for long had it much its own way, about its only formidable rival being "*Fraser's*"—"*Regina*"—which was run on similar lines. Those thirled to the mill, to borrow the Scottish legal phrase, had that personal pride in it which we see reflected, though grotesquely suggested, in the symposia of the *Noctes*. As the number of contributors was limited, there was no hanging up of articles indefinitely, so the writers had every encouragement. The editor would send a note, or rather a gossip letter, for he held to the old fashion of letter-writing like Horace Walpole or Walter Scott, asking for something bright for next month. His correspondent knew what he wanted and the demand was duly honored. At headquarters there was a sort of clearing house of the correspondence. The affiliated wrote their opinions of the last month's issue, and when opinions were friendly and flattering, they were forwarded in course to the gratified writer. Nor were suggestions and kindly criticisms wanting, and thus the contributor was kept up to the mark. Moreover men who had no such rallying point as a London club met and made acquaintance in the columns of "*Maga*." In that pleasant confraternity I formed some of my most valued friendships. When you came together in the flesh, as you were very likely to do by arrangement, under the editor's hospitable roof in Edinburgh or at his Fifeshire home of Strathtyrum, you were already on the footing of familiar acquaintances. Then in the magazines

as in the daily journals there was ampler space and an almost indefinite range of subjects. Nowadays everything must be up to date, for like the Athenians the reading public care for little but to tell or to hear some new thing. What with wars and rumors of wars, the growth of the Empire, the discoveries of science and the importance attached to many imperial and social questions which were formerly practically ignored, it must be admitted there is seldom any lack of novelties. Very possibly the change is for the better, but it neither pays nor pleases the literary man of business. *I, moi qui vous parle*, as Thackeray would say, have written a series of articles on illustrious French literati, Dumas, Balzac, Victor Hugo, &c., on famous old contributors to the magazine and never cramped myself. What editor of the day would admit those brilliant and sparkling essays? Then we were content to hide our personality under a bushel, and the leading editors held fast by the anonymous. No men avocated it more strenuously than John Blackwood, Henry Reeve, and Dr. William Smith of the "Quarterly." Certainly it gave the critic and writer a freer hand, for though the judge may be condemned when the guilty is acquitted, as the motto of the "Edinburgh" has it, it is an ungracious task to come down on the shortcomings of a friend or acquaintance when you must sign your name. Then the fashion came in with the new monthlies of attaching names to most of the articles and advertising themselves by pressing men of celebrity into the service. It was all very well up to a certain point, had those gentlemen always bartered the best of their brains for the money, but I recollect Henry Reeve giving his views on the subject and he should have known something about it. He said the editors of the new school paid fancy prices for famous

names, reducing the average of the remuneration to the anonymous, and that so far as intrinsic worth went, they had often most inadequate value for their money. "Look at this," he said, picking up a Review on the table, "here is an article by —," and he named one of the greatest of statesmen—"which I would not accept for the 'Edinburgh' on any terms." Then the Quarterlies, like the old monthlies, gave themselves over more than now to contemporary literature and were lighter and perhaps not less informing reading. Now the innumerable dailies, weeklies and monthlies have been treading hard on their heels; each has anticipated the other on the books and topics of the hour, and things are stale or half-forgotten when the latest of the periodicals come to treat of them. Then, as when Southey was the "Quarterly's" main support, single books were sent out in parcels to country contributors, and were the subjects of separate notices. Now the articles for the most part are more abstruse, of more enduring value, but inclining to the ponderous, and there are fewer and less profitable opportunities for affiliated professionals.

It might be fancied that with the marvellous increase of the monthlies, the writers of fiction, short stories and light essays have a better chance. As a matter of fact it is quite the reverse, for the crush of contributors has increased out of all proportion. The best established of the magazines may, as they advertise, give conscientious consideration to everything submitted to them; if so, it is greatly to the credit of the editors. I am given to understand by some of those overtaxed gentlemen that packets come in by the dozen every day. Accepted articles and excellent ones may be held over for a year or more, unless the writer has found a peg of the hour to hang them on. With serials, as in the House of

Commons, the block is in full swing. Writers of reputation who have "caught on" have engagements for years in advance. The days of the past are ideal by comparison. When James Payn was editing the "*Cornhill*," I recollect his telling me that he was often asked by his confrères if he could pass them over an attractive novel. By way of personal reminiscence I may add that I floated my maiden masterpiece in a notable magazine when only two parts were written. What novice could make such a boast now? As regards the delicate but profoundly interesting question of remuneration, I cannot say much from personal knowledge. I do know that some of the older magazines pay as they used to do. But I have heard it hinted that some of recent birth, which have not been floated by millionaires and munificently advertised, remorselessly sweat aspirants who have the honors of the entrée, while other strugglers seldom pay at all, and for the best possible reasons.

Much of what I have written is by one of a vanishing clique, and avowedly inspired by selfish regrets. In some respects the public is undoubtedly the gainer by the new system of searching about for sensations. Any quantity of rubbish may be passed through the press, but the aggregate of unsuspected talent which is unearthed in the quest for the novel or sensational is a revelation, like the stores of private art treasures which were revealed by the first Manchester expedition. It is amazing, for example, how kindly cultured soldiers can take to the pen, and how vividly globe-trotting sportsmen can paint scenery and the scenes they have figured in, from the ice-floes of the Arctic to the sands of the Sahara or Soudan. Many of the military articles on the South African war were beyond praise; choke-full of science like the writings of Jomini, eloquent with soldierly knowledge and martial in-

spiration like Napier, we see enacted before our eyes the scenes they dash in with the brush of a Neuville or Berne-Bellecour. So the wandering sportsman who has been bagging lions by the brace in tropical Somaliland or spearing the walrus off the glaciers of Greenland can hold us breathless when telling of his hardships or hair-breadth escapes, and if he takes an occasional pull at the long bow, that is his own or his editor's lookout. We who only see parades at home, or, feeling the stress of advancing age, confine our shooting attentions to the grouse or the pheasant are not in it with those men. When the blare of the trumpet is sounding to arms, and when every idle Briton of means and spirit is a Marco Polo, our most brilliant lucubrations are returned with thanks or shelved indefinitely by our dearest editorial friends, and we must resign ourselves to reading what others write, reflecting ruefully on the depleted balance at the banker's.

No one has more cause to lament changes than "*Our Own Correspondent*." The accredited agent of an influential London journal had a berth that was envied by attachés of legation. He had as little work, more leisure and less responsibility, and was held in wholesome dread by ambassadors and ministers, ungifted with strong wills and master minds. The correspondent, whether English or foreign, had a pleasant time of it in such gay capitals as Paris or Vienna, and in cities like Turin, Rome or Athens he was paid to do the *dolce far niente* voluptuously, with the zest of some added interest in a more or less sensuous clime. In the cycle of revolution things had changed since Crabb Robinson, a pioneer from Printing House Square, had been bucketed from post to pillar between Cadiz and Hamburg, in the days of Berlin decrees and Orders in Council, when Napoleon was autocrat. Mowbray Morris had made

a tour to organize a service and very efficiently it had been done, though the new duties were by no means exacting. The correspondent of to-day sits like his manager or editor between telegraph and telephone, the electric wire in incessant connection with his brain nerves. If he gives himself the briefest leave of absence, it is taken at his peril. An emperor may be assassinated in his absence or a *Hôtel de Ville* blown up with dynamite. No doubt a competent aide-de-camp will telegraph the bare fact, but his competitors, supplementing rumor with fancy, have been wiring all manner of sensational details. These will be modified of course in subsequent despatches, all of which make excellent "copy," but he has lost credit with his employers which he may never regain. Unless he is devoured with the self-sacrificing zeal which Talleyrand detested, the special wire is his *bête noire*. As it is engaged, it may as well be employed and notably from a centre like Vienna which is the European sounding-board, but where news of real consequence comes only in spasms. Like the daughters of the horseleech the wire is always craving. In sheer desperation he transmits the momentous intelligence that a Macedonian *gensd'arme* has got a bullet in his shoulder, or that a venerable matron in the Balkans has blessed her husband with triplets. Yet he suspects that the public would have been well content to wait had either piece of intelligence been delayed for a week.

Thirty or forty years ago I have heard correspondents grumble, though they took both pride and pleasure in their work because they were expected to forward three or four letters in the week. It was merely their *façon de grogner*. Their well-paid connection with the press scarcely interfered with their other occupations. To take some typical examples. General Eber, the "Times" correspondent at Vienna, was

a member of the Hungarian Parliament and beyond his active attendance at debates in Buda, paid frequent visits to his country constituents. Evening after evening I have taken the overcrowded tramcar with him, to dine under the shade of the trees at Schönbrunn or some other of the popular restaurants in the enchanting environs of the *Kaiserstadt*. If care accompanied him on the outing, it had no connection with his journalistic engagements. Abel at Berlin was one of the most accomplished linguists in Europe, and his paper could have found no more efficient representative. When you walked into his room of a morning the floor was strewn with news sheets in all the tongues of the Orient, and he had skimmed or dipped in each. From Tobolsk to Petersburg, from Helsingfors to Windsor, no tremor of the nationalities escaped him, though he gave himself time to think and digest. Yet his correspondence never seriously interfered with his life-work as an enthusiastic philologist and Egyptologist. Again there was Butt at Constantinople, practising then in the Courts at Pera, and afterwards a judge of the Admiralty Court in London. Many a jolly voyage I have made with him to Buyukdere on the Bosphorus, or to dinner at Therapia, the summer resort of the legations. And many a rubber we have played of an evening at the Embassy in Pera, where he picked up much matter for the press from such partners as Lord Strangford or Allison, afterwards our Minister at Teheran, both deeply versed in Eastern politics. Paris, under the Second Empire, was a Paradise for the correspondent. Unlike Berlin or Vienna, there he was a *persona grata*, or at least a man to be considered at the *Quai d'Orsay* and welcomed in political circles. Yet there, as elsewhere, he could take things easily and the residences of the correspondents were sig-

nificant. Hardman of the "Times," for long put up at the Bedford Hotel, a quiet family house, Rue de la Madeleine near the Elysée: Bowes, a veteran on the staff of the "Standard," had at one time his apartment actually beyond the Arc de Triomphe. Bingham who was in daily communication with the "Pall Mall" looked down the Champs Elysées from his balconies in the Rue de Tilsit, the receptacles, by the way, of sundry shells from the beleaguering batteries during the sieges. He would stroll eastwards in course of the afternoon, drop in at the Cercle to hear what was going on, skim the journals and have some chat with his French friends, and be found seated at the hour of absinthe, which he never tasted, at the Café Cardinal, where he kept a portfolio and borrowed an inkbottle. The correspondents of journals which backed the Imperial policy had warm welcome at the Tulleries and in courtly circles. Felix Whitehurst, whose lively and gossipy letters were the delight of readers of the "Daily Telegraph," was the family friend of the head of the Imperial House. On one occasion two young American beauties said to him at an *al fresco* fête, "How we should love to be presented to the Emperor!" "Nothing easier," was the ready answer, and after a word apart, the coveted presentation came off in due form. The war and the Commune dynamited that Elysium, and thenceforth everything was changed. There was increasing ferment in the Government offices in Paris: Parliament was sitting on explosives at Versailles and no correspondent could be in two places at once. Oliphant quartered in the Champs Elysées was working a pair of horses to death, while de Blowitz, then on his promotion, playing jackal at Versailles to the lion, was taking off each gesture of the excited orators and stenographing the speeches on an incomparable memory.

The mention of Whitehurst reminds me of his confrère Sala, who probably did more than any man to make the future of the "Telegraph" under the proprietary who had bought a derelict for a bagatelle. Sala was the ideal roving correspondent; a born cosmopolitan with a considerable gift of tongues, his memory was as well stocked with miscellaneous matter as the commonplace notebooks he indefatigably filed or any dry goods store in the America from which his most notable letters were written. Objectionable mannerisms notwithstanding, he often suggests the fanciful but fairly well informed exuberance of Dumas in the "Impressions de Voyage." He could write about anything, from canvas-back ducks and terrapin turtle to the chances for the Presidential chair, but he was at his best when discoursing upon nothing. He luxuriated in the best hotels—like Dumas he was a gourmet—he laid his plans as it pleased him, and intent on effort reeled off "copy" by the column, to be transmuted into sovereigns. There seems to be no space now, and indeed little demand from readers, for that easy rambling style of letters with little purpose and less of a backbone, yet richly embroidered with nothing in particular. That was both agreeable and lucrative work. Expenses paid and with the journal at your back to introduce you anywhere, and to take the snub if you were rebuffed, if not actually a chartered libertine at least you were commissioned with a wide discretion. You might have the luck to come across a statesman in confidential mood at Kissingen or Bad Gastein which was good for your paper, or make friends with a magnate who offered sport of some sort, which was good for yourself. At any rate you knew you were out foraging in the dead season and the big gooseberries and the sea-serpent had not a chance with your contributions.

Nowadays we are in a more purpose-like age: like Mr. Gradgrind what we want is facts. En revanche, when there is a suspicion of "anything being up," the special correspondents are sent forth in shoals, and no self-respecting organ, whether metropolitan or provincial, is without its emissary. With reputations either to maintain or to make, with the tremor of the telegraph wires working them into chronic fever, they are convulsively snatching at rumors or scrambling for scraps of news, like the carp crowding to the bread tossed from the Kursaal bridge at Wiesbaden. Russia in revolution was overrun the other day, and all you could say with confidence of the messages was that they would pretty certainly be contradicted next morning. The gentlemen engaged were not to blame: they knew that the public wanted sensation which it was their business to supply. So anonymous old diplomats and chiefs of secret societies were buttonholed and pressed into the service. Russians of all ranks and shades of opinion would seem to have been loquacious, but the Japanese took a short method with their visitors, even when they came from allied or friendly powers and simply put the muzzle on.

The war correspondent is notably the victim of the cycles. He was, he is, but it seems likely that he may cease to be. The father of the guild is happily still to the fore, and he can look back on very many changes. Sir William Russell's long experience of wars has bred a horror of them, though, as he once told Mr. Gladstone in answer to a question, there is one thing more deplorable and that is a dishonorable peace. From the selfish point of view the first of the war correspondents might have rejoiced like Job's war horse in scenting the battle from afar; it gave them the opportunities which brought fame and fortune. The in-

fluence which gave them free passes to the front and ensured civility everywhere was founded on fear as much as favor: commanders and their staffs might regard them as nuisances, but they lived in dread of the London letter which was transferred and scattered broadcast by the provincial press. The ideal correspondent was a good fellow, patient in tribulation, overflowing with fun and replete with anecdote, a welcome guest at mess or bivouac. The deeper he dipped his pen in vinegar, so long as he stuck to facts, the better he was liked, for in their degree captains and subalterns love to grumble at their superiors as much as do the rank and file. Even when modest, as he usually was in touching on his personal experiences, he became a personality and was the object of general attentions. He was a novel type, who courted the hazards of war, with no hope of promotion or decoration. Once and many a time in discharge of their duty those men had well earned the Victoria Cross which was never to come their way. After all, they had the honor and glory which was as good. They did wonderful work and their feats won them fame at home, as they were discussed and envied over many a camp fire. The journal that had been fortunate in retaining them owed them a great debt of gratitude. Archibald Forbes, for instance, picked up almost at random in Bouverie Street and appropriated at once by that very capable manager Sir J. Robinson, revived the falling fortunes of the "Daily News" of the day. The memorable message from Metz, which he carried himself on a jaded horse over heavy roads to a Luxembourg post-office, was an example of his promptitude and of his professional pluck. He got the start of his rivals by the native shrewdness which assured him that a floating rumor was firm fact. Another memorable feat in the records of the

paper was the solitary ride of McGahan through troubled Turkestan to the banks of the Oxus, where he turned up just in time to see the fighting that he had expected going forward. Those daring fellows who had the gift of thinking under fire and scribbling vivid description on the saddlebow did wonderful work, but the strain took it out of them. Even in peace time at home, Forbes slept with his valise packed and credit letters in his pocket-book, ready like the fireman round the corner for any sudden call. At least they had their reward beyond their "regulars." They were tempted by liberal offers for lecturing tours; and could travel the country in their holidays, like social lions on the rampage, sure of hospitable welcomes. Many a lively and instructive evening I have passed with one of them in a lonely Highland lodge in a famous deer forest. At one time, for some reason, that roving gentleman desired a commission in a crack Militia regiment, when commissions were given away rather promiscuously and lightly. "Don't have him on any account," wrote a common friend to the genial Colonel, "he'll keep your fellows up all night and leave them good for nothing on parade." Needless to say, notwithstanding the warning, his desire was gratified.

I doubt not that there are any number of good men now: indeed the trouble is that there are far too many. But the difficulties have multiplied, even out of proportion to the numbers, and the trade is overstocked. Commanders in the field never liked them, and though a man with responsibilities may tolerate two or three mosquitoes humming around him, he loses temper in a swarm. Correspondents are naturally clamoring for passes to the front, and that is precisely where they are not wanted. The capable general does not care to be patronized, and the bad general naturally dreads being criti-

cized. Moreover, supposing a man has *carte blanche* to go where he pleases, now he is puzzled and mystified as if he were groping in a sand blizzard. He may ride sundry horses off their legs, lose servant and kit, and after the weary day be little the wiser. Modern warfare shows no sort of consideration for the correspondent. At Salamanca or Vittoria, at the Alma or Balaklava, the privileged, if they chanced to be on the spot, could look on at concentrated action. But what is a man to make of a Mukden where, with bristling batteries and entrenched battalions, the battle rages over countless leagues of muddy tracks through rank vegetation? The letter a "Times" correspondent sent after the three-days' engagement was a monumental battle-piece and marvellously lucid, but it must have staggered the friendly but secretive Japanese and I suspect the writer played his trump card. It is certain that in future wars, the tendency will be to suppress the correspondent, nor will it be matter of regret for the rival journals. So long as there is competition, they are bound to compete, but they have realized that the rivalry does not pay. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the business manager who looks to the balance-sheet welcomes a war, though it may temporarily increase the circulation. The Russo-Japanese campaigning, with the keep of the pack of muzzled dogs in Tokio, was a costly lesson by which proprietors are likely to profit. In their system of secrecy, as in other things, military Powers will take a hint from the Japanese.

When the War Office forbade soldiers acting as correspondents, it gave an opening to many clever civilians unattached eager for lucrative excitement—and so much the worse for them. When the war is past the peace leaves them stranded. I have been told by a much-worried manager what a trouble

it was to find some occupation for the clamorous unemployed. He cannot give them work as leader writers or home specials, for the berths are filled, or insult them by offering penny-a-lining, with paragraphs in fires, street betting, or burglaries. Of course they all come back to write books and a few are fortunate in having the run of a magazine. It is not their fault, if, with the surging flood of ephemeral literature, we are not thoroughly informed as to the South African war, the fighting in Man-

The Saturday Review.

churia, and the siege of Port Arthur. They all seem to find publishers, but I am far out of my reckoning, if in five cases out of six the best of the books do much more than clear their expenses; and how many of them go to a second edition? Besides, that scrambling, exciting field work, with the adventurous temperament which suggests it, must tend to demoralize a man for every-day drudgery, and the chances are that he brings back as a souvenir of his campaigning some ailment that may trouble him for the rest of his days.

Alexander Innes Shand.

THE NEW HUMILITY.

An element of confusion is introduced into many modern arguments, notably into the argument touching the present Education Bill, by a refusal to recognize the real scope and significance of the word "dogma." People constantly put the argument in the form of saying: "Shall we teach the child dogma?" Of course we shall. A teacher who is not dogmatic is simply a teacher who is not teaching. This leaves quite untouched, of course, the question of what dogmas he shall teach, large or small, universal or sectional. And it also leaves on one side another important question. Those who say that we should not teach dogma to children really have an intelligent meaning, though they do not know what it is. What they really mean is this, that one does not commonly, in dealing with children, state the dogma in its elaborate metaphysical form. We do not, perhaps, even define the dogma. But, if we do not define the dogma, it is only because we do assume the dogma. Take, for instance, the case of ethics. It is true that we do not say to a child: "All men are morally equal and have reciprocal obligations." We do say to a child: "Why shouldn't

Tommy have a piece of cake too?" In short, one does not recite the dogma of equality; we assume the dogma of equality. We do not say to a child: "There is a human sentiment of property, which is the impress of personality upon matter." We do say to a child: "You have taken Eliza's doll." That is, we do not recite the dogma of property; we assume the dogma of property. We do not say to a child: "Man has the will and is therefore responsible." We do say to a child: "Why did you do this?" We do not recite the dogma of Free Will; we assume the dogma of Free Will. This is the real meaning, an intelligent and respectable meaning, which exists in the mind of those who call themselves undenominationalists in education. The denominationalists say in effect: "What dogmas can we teach?" The undenominationalists say in effect: "What dogmas can we take for granted?"

Now there is something that is really wholesome and attractive in this latter point of view. There is something pleasing about the man who has certain verities sunk so deep into his mind that he hardly even knows that

they are there. There is something charming about this man who is so dogmatic that he can do without dogma. This man, the sub-conscious dogmatist, is sometimes a positive pillar of sanity; and it is just in so far as non-dogmatism and undenominationalism, and modern rationalism generally, do represent this type of man, that they really have the power to make men do the two things most worth doing: to live good lives and fight. The French Revolution, for instance, was made of these men. They believed that their service to mankind lay in the things that they questioned. We look back at them now, and see that their service to mankind really lay in the things they did not question: the equality of men, for instance. They praised themselves for doubting the authority of the King. We praise them for not doubting the authority of the State. Exactly that equality of man which they regarded as a truism, they have bequeathed as an eternal challenge. In the noonday of their intellectual summer, they regarded themselves as merely expressing common sense. But, against their sunset, they appear dark and mystical, and take on all the colors of a cloud of martyrs.

It may be said, then, that there are two types of dogma in practice in the modern world. First, there is the dogma which we ignore because we do not believe it—like the Communion of Saints. Second, there is the dogma which we ignore because we do believe it—like the Brotherhood of Man. And it is perfectly true that, if a man could be sincerely convinced that the modern dislike of dogma was chiefly of the latter kind, he might be fascinated by the idea of it. He might be pleased, in some degree at least, with the notion that some of the fundamental actualities had positively become automatic. He might almost reconcile himself to the fact that a man denied divinity, in

the light of the astonishing fact that he did not think it worth while even to affirm humanity. Unfortunately, however, there is another and more sinister process at the back of the modern development in connection with dogma. It is no longer altogether true, as it was in the French Revolution, that men think dogmas so obvious that they need not even define them. The class of those who object to dogmas does not entirely consist of those who want their own dogmas left alone. There has arisen, in some degree of power at least, another class who are the menace of modern civilization. They are the people who really cannot believe, either consciously or sub-consciously, in any dogmas at all. Unless we take very great care, they may become an influential minority, and even a majority, in England. It is of them that I wish to speak here.

The decay in modern England of the power of intellectual certainty is the more difficult to discuss, because the power is entirely primary and previous to definition. We look at a certain thing and say that it is blue. We look at a certain thing and say that it is certain. Indeed, we say that it is certain even in calling it a certain thing. The chief danger of the modern world is not a religious danger, or a political danger, or even a philosophical danger. It is strictly a psychological danger; it is the danger that we may lose a certain primitive power of the mind. If the mind began to lose the power of hearing, you could not argue it into regaining it; you could only assert, with passion, that this power of hearing was the foundation of a certain splendid thing called Music. If the mind begins to lose the power of certainty, you cannot argue against the doctrine that everything is uncertain; you can only say that this sense of certainty is the only foundation of a certain splendid thing called

Morals, nay, of the whole of human civilization. For the primary dogmas cannot possibly be mere hypotheses; for the simple reason that men have to suffer for them. Either there is patriotism or there is not patriotism; for a man is shot if there is, and not shot if there isn't. Either there is property or there is not; for a man starves to respect it. The whole strain of life is upon its abstractions. It is exactly for the arbitrary lines (for instance for national frontiers) that a man is called upon to be killed.

It would be very easy to represent this growth of really doubtful and unconvinced people as a despicable corruption. Every day one meets a man who will utter the frantic and blasphemous assertion that he may be wrong. Every day one comes across somebody who says that of course his view may not be the right one; whereas, of course, his view must be the right one, or it would not be his view. Every day one may meet a charming modern who says that he does not think one opinion any better than another. It would be easy, I repeat, to let loose against this kind of thing the mere hearty loathing of a healthy man, and describe it as a corpse crawling with worms. But this would not altogether be just. Among the singular elements in the affair this must be noted: that some of those who are in this blank and homeless incertitude are among the simplest and kindest of men. I think the real explanation is different and decidedly curious. When chaos overcomes any moral or religious scheme, it is not merely the vices that are let loose. The vices are let loose and wander and do terrible damage. But the virtues are let loose even more; and the virtues wander more wildly, and the virtues do more terrible damage. Every part of the modern world is full of the old Christian virtues gone mad; or, for the matter of that, of the old pagan vir-

tues gone mad. The instances are innumerable. Mr. Blatchford, to take a passing example, is simply a Christian who has become too exclusively enthusiastic for the sentimental part of Christianity. He takes the virtue of charity and allows it to eat up everything else—will, judgment, responsibility, citizenship, justice, and human dignity. Really the modern world is far too good; it is full of wild and wasted and anarchic virtues. Thus, for instance, Tolstoy probably employs, in restraining himself from fighting, sufficient energy to upset the Tsar. And, of all these mis-directed moral qualities, none, I think, is so striking as the case of the modern mis-direction of humility.

Humility was originally meant as a restraint upon the arrogance and infinity of the appetite of man. The tendency of man was to ask for so much, that he could hardly enjoy even what he got; he was always outstripping his mercies with his own newly-invented needs. His very power of enjoyment destroyed half his joys. By asking for pleasure, he lost the chief pleasure; for the chief pleasure is surprise. Hence it became evident, that if a man would make his world large, he must be always making himself small. Even the haughty visions, the tall cities, and the toppling pinnacles are the creations of humility. Giants that tread down forests like grass, are the creations of humility. Towers that vanish upwards above the loneliest star, are the creation of humility. For towers are not tall unless we look up to them; and giants are not giants unless they are larger than we. All this gigantesque imagination, which is perhaps the mightiest of the pleasures of man, is at bottom entirely humble. It is impossible without humiliation to enjoy anything—even pride.

But all this humility, which originally rested upon our appetites and our individual desires, has changed its posi-

tion. Modesty has moved from the organ of ambition. Modesty has settled upon the organ of conviction. By the old rule, a man was meant to be doubtful about himself but undoubting about his doctrine. This has been entirely reversed. The part of a man that he does assert nowadays, is exactly the part that he ought not to assert: himself. The part he doubts, is exactly the part he ought not to doubt: the divine Reason. Huxley preached a humility that is content to learn from Nature. But the new scepticism preaches a humility which is so humble, that it doubts whether it can ever learn. And the practical difference between the two doctrines is vast and terrible. For the old humility made a man doubtful about his efforts; which might make him work harder. The new humility makes a man doubtful about his aims; which may make him stop working altogether.

I can simply illustrate my meaning from the history of modern politics. The whole success of the French Revolution, and of the European Liberal movement that flowed out of it, arose from the fact that it preached certain dogmatic certainties: certainties for which a man could be called upon to be tortured, to be destroyed. The chief of these was the doctrine of the Rights of Man, the doctrine that there were certain eternal indispensable elements in the human lot, which men could demand from their rulers or their civilization. And this demand is exactly the demand that has been disputed and denied in our time. Matthew Arnold, a typical leader in many ways of the reaction against Liberalism, said, in one of his books: "Which of us, on looking

into his own consciousness, feels he has any rights at all?" No one perhaps; for looking into one's own consciousness is a disgusting Eastern habit. And if you look into your own consciousness, you will find exactly what the Buddhists find and worship there—Nothing. You will find you have no rights, and no duties, and, incidentally, no self. But it is the essence of our Western religion to believe that the problem of life is solved in living it. Live outwards, live in the living universe, and you will soon find that you have duties. You will also find that you have rights; unless indeed you are in the singular position in which the typical English moderns find themselves. For, as I have said, the Nemesis or our present English position is this: that the one claim which we doubt is this universal claim, the claim that is compatible with personal disinterestedness and personal self-effacement. We dispute the Rights of Man. We do not dispute the rights of judges, or the rights of policemen, or the rights of landlords, or the rights of legislators. We do not dispute any of the rights that might and do make individuals proud. We only dispute the right that is so huge that it makes even the claimant of it humble. And there is no class in which doubt is more deep than in the rich class; there is no class in which doubt is more fixed, I might almost say in which doubt is more undoubting. No class has so much of the new modesty as the class that has most of the old pride. And if a man says to you: "I have no rights," you will commonly be safe in answering "No: you have privileges."

G. K. Chesterton.

PAUDEEN IN THE WOODS.

Paudeen, who was the son of Paddy Fox, was of a type in which the Almighty has been pleased to make many little boys. His hair was red and very rough, his eyes were light blue, his upper lip was long and his nose short. He only differed from other little boys in that he made less noise.

He was neither very lazy nor very naughty, but he spent a great portion of his school hours in looking out of the window towards Slieveross. The time he spent in learning his lessons seemed to him profitless, but when he looked across the acres of little fields and waste land towards the wooded slopes of Slieveross he felt his heart burn within him.

Paudeen had never been to the woods of Slieveross. When he suggested that he should go there his mother said "no," and his father, rubbing his chin with his hard, dirty hand, told strange legends of the woods, of girls who had been stolen away by the faeries, of little boys who had followed the intricacies of some woodland path never to return home. Then Paudeen, listening with apparent terror, felt his pulses throb and fancied that some elfin bugle called him towards the woods.

Why Paudeen loved trees with a passion almost unknown to his companions is not explicable. The reason of it is stored away in some dim rune of circumstance or chance. He never mentioned it to others, although his fame as a mighty climber was envied even in the remote village of Letterbrack where his aunt resided. He never openly admired a tree; he even affected indifference about them; but from winter to winter he followed the pageant of the woodlands with a delight that surged silently in his soul and finding no words grew stronger within him.

Fate, who has some regard for the extravagant endeavors of childhood, showed sudden favor to Paudeen in such a way that he found himself bewildered by her munificence.

On this occasion Fate masqueraded as his mother.

"Will I send you to your aunt, avic?" said Mrs. Fox, in her strident, kindly voice, "there's Davy M'Gill, the decent boy, goin' to Letterbrack on the old car, says he'll be givin' you a lift. The father an' I are goin' to the fair beyant there at Knockdoon, so mind yourself, Paudeen, an' you might be takin' a parcel of sugarstick to your cousin Kate, an' a screw of tay to your aunt."

Paudeen, with his eyes and mouth open, nodded assent. He expressed neither pleasure nor regret; but consented meekly to the washing of his face and the reclothing of his person. Then he went to Davy M'Gill's and silently mounted the car.

Paudeen was no conversationalist, and he answered Davy's questions so briefly that soon silence came upon them, the silence of a wild land with magic in its air.

The long road to Letterbrack passed by desolate moors where the peewit called, by fields where the daisies nodded like the armies of faeryland, by mottled granite walls where the yellow-hammer perched and sang, and by woods haunted of squirrels and rabbits.

As they jogged along, Davy's errant fancy dogged the footsteps of Molly Boyne through imagination's mazes, and he smiled stupidly every now and then, and cracked his whip. But Paudeen had forgotten that there were such people as Davy M'Gill and Paudeen Fox, he had forgotten any limits of personality, so absorbed was his little

mind with the great world about him, the wide sky, the earth decked out in such varying shades of gray, green, red, brown and gold. For a while Paudeen's mind was Nature's mind; if the earth had clasped him to her heart he would not have been nearer to her than then.

When they came in sight of Letterbrack Davy spoke again.

"How will you go back, Paudeen?" said he, "for I'm goin' on to Mr. Malone to see if I can sell him the car."

"An' why wouldn't I walk?" said Paudeen carelessly, "wid the legs on me rustin' for want of work."

Davy looked down at him.

"God save you, Paddy, you're no bigger than a sugar stick; 'tis a great walk back."

"Oh! I'll be doin' it aisy now."

"To go by Slieveross would be shorter, but if you'd lose your way t'would be bad, and there's quare stories told of the woods."

"Och! Davy, I'll be gettin' back on my head or my heels before night time, never fear, and thank you kindly."

Paudeen scrambled hastily off the car and made off towards his aunt's cabin. He had no mind for questions. This explained a certain brilliance in his conversation during the visit; he feared any suggestions as to his return.

He staved them off until the moment of his departure.

"Well, I'm like to be takin' off wid myself now, Aunt Biddy," said the cunning one, "good-bye, Katie, an' don't ate up the sugar sticks too quick; 'tis a gran' night, such weather for the hay, God be praised, I'll be tellin' them of the fine chickens you have here."

All this time he was getting farther and farther away from the door, so that at last he felt he might with propriety turn his back and scuttle down the road.

Herein he displayed the subtlety of the serpent, for after having gone a lit-

tle way down the road he turned across a field and made his way towards Slieveross. He soon found himself on the mountain side among boulders and foxgloves and bracken, and among startled sheep. Paudeen's heart was fire in his breast. He climbed steadily, until he reached a rough track that led him up the shoulder of the mountain. At last he stood on a rock and over-looked the woods that stretched into the valley. The wind blew in his red hair, and the wind played over the wide field of the tree tops, that were swaying and changing, and silvering and darkening below him.

He sat down on a boulder and took off his shoes and stockings, for they bespoke a state of civilization which divorced his spirit from the elemental heart of things. He had forgotten that he was wearing his Sunday clothes, and with them that artificiality in which we deck our minds when we most array our bodies. He had forgotten that Paudeen existed. One fact was paramount. He was looking down on the woods of Slieveross.

Have you ever trodden hard on the footsteps of magic? Have you stood, breath-held, on the threshold of wonder? Have you strained every sense for the remembrance of the fulfilment of some phantasmal desire that eluded your imagination through twilight labyrinthine ways? If so you have known what Paudeen knew in that pleasant evening hour, looking down upon the woods.

Paudeen began his descent cautiously but swiftly. His bare feet, as they trod the heather and fraughan beneath them, sent a thrill of primitive ecstasy to his expectant mind. He passed the first sentries of the wood, a group of larches; he trod the leaves of last year, and the brown sheaths of the Spring-time's buds.

He pattered over moss and heath until the woods were about him; paths

leading north, south, and west, winding and twisting into green gloom lured his fancy onwards.

Chequered light and shade danced on the moss as the wind ruffled the leaves. The low sun sent gold gleams upon the smooth trunks of birch and beech. A sense of enchantment silenced the whistle on Paudeen's lips. He ran stealthily into the green dusk. He touched the trunks as he passed with loving, dirty fingers. He noted each of the great company, chestnut, larch, and pine, beech, oak and birch, here and there an ash, here and there a sycamore.

At last he was entangled among the many paths of the wood and he flung himself panting upon the moss. He lay on his back, his face turned up towards the branches overhead. There was a strange sense upon him that he was a player in some fantastic masque. The intricacies of twigs and swaying leaves held him spellbound. He closed his eyes.

When he opened them the sense of fantasy held him more strongly than before. He was in a little glade and all about him was a strange and phantasmal company. Paudeen stared, as only children stare. It seemed to him that a measured and curious dance was being performed before him. The figures were interwoven slowly and in order, and as the dancers advanced and retreated Paudeen became dimly aware of the identity of each. Their gigantic stature, their curious motley garments of the color of leaves in light and shadow made it plain to him that these were the trees in human semblance. There was one slighter and more graceful than the rest whom he recognized as the birch, and another, who held a squirrel in his arms, Paudeen knew as the beech. He recognized them all, hazel, willow and pine, sycamore, hawthorn and elder.

It was as he sat watching them that

Davy M'Gill, whistling gaily, came down the path. Paudeen waited in blithe expectation for Davy's cry of surprise, but it never came. He passed among the dancers as one who did not see them. Paudeen called to him; Davy looked at him without any sign of recognition and flung a fir cone at him. Soon he had disappeared into the shadows.

Then some instinct stirred in Paudeen, and rising, he went towards the dancer he took for the beech tree, and slipping a hand into his followed him through the dance. At the close of it, the gigantic curious company crowded about Paudeen laughing and whispering. Then one of them put a crown of leaves and berries on his rough red hair.

"'Tis you that are king of the woods, Paudeen," said the sycamore.

"Lift him up," said the ash, and the beech swung him up on to his shoulder, so that he was on a level with the heads of those that thronged about him.

"There's been no one to be king of the woods since your grandfather died, Paudeen," said the hazel. "And now I whisper to him where he lies asleep below the church, but 'tis no answer I get."

"Would you not have Davy M'Gill, who's the fine boy?" Paudeen asked in his small treble voice.

"Davy is nothing to us, nor we to him," said the birch, "but we know you. Sure there's not a day I don't put the comether on you, when you're working down there at those pishogues of letters and figures."

"And don't I tap on the chapel window, Paudeen?" said the beech, "so that you're nigh mad to be out of doors and climbin' in my branches."

"And I," said the elder, "looked in at the window when you were born, an' saw you no bigger than a pinken. 'Twas I put the comether on you then, Paudeen Fox."

Paudeen stared at them and sucked his finger and laughed gleefully.

"Och! didn't I know it all along?" said he, and he rubbed his rough head against the beech tree with a cat-like motion.

They bore him in procession along the darkening paths, through dim glades and mossy ways. The squirrels and rabbits looked on, and the trees spoke to them, saying that Paudeen was king of the woods because he had never resisted the comether that was upon him, and because his hand had never been against Nature and her children. They brought him to a place of hazel trees and made him sit on a mossy hillock, and sat about him in the ferns. A banquet was spread there; nuts and berries and water from the spring were set before him; and these things seemed sweeter to him than anything he had ever tasted in his life, better than stolen plums, better than sugar-sticks. As the twilight fell upon them the strange company appeared more phantasmal as they swayed and bent about him. He saw them all around, each woodland thing endowed with personality, yet keeping its natural semblance so far that he could recognize it. The squirrels, who are the faeries' henchmen, waited upon him, and the hares looked at him gravely, whilst the birds sat about on branches over his head. Every woodland thing was there, heather, whortle, and bracken, all the ferns of damp places, even the bright toadstools gleamed among the throng.

To amuse Paudeen the trees told him stories, for they knew all that had ever happened to man and child and beast in that county; and they could sing of those things for which the heart finds no words. But in the middle of the elm tree's song Paudeen fell asleep with his arms about the beech tree's neck.

He fell asleep and dreamt his old dreams again; that he lay in a golden

cradle among the treetops, that wind ladies with eyes like stars swung him to and fro, that they combed his hair with a silver comb, and sang him songs as old as the runes of Nature herself, and as new as the dew on the grass. Perhaps he dreamt that the cradle swung too fast and fell, for he awoke with a start and found the moon shining upon him. He was sitting on the topmost branch of a big beech-tree, his arms clasped about the trunk. When he saw the moon he remembered his mother and father, and that he was none other than Paudeen Fox.

He climbed down to the path and stood for a second in the moonlight; then swiftly he sprang towards the beech and clasping his arms and legs about the trunk, he bit the bark in a passion of exultation. Having picked up his shoes and stockings from the moss he fled swiftly through the woods until he reached a lane. He ran along the lane without swerving, though the daisies nodded at him, and the honey-suckle beckoned, and the midsummer moon laughed over the shoulder of Slieveross. The lane led him to the road and the road guided him home.

But he was two miles from home when he ran into the arms of Davy M'Gill, who clutched him and sobbed aloud.

"God be praised! Paudeen, your mother was fit to have the life of me, not lookin' afther you, and she and your father there are turnin' the world inside out to find you. 'Tis afther ten, and you to go get lost that way, wirrah! wirrah! Come, put out your legs an' run now till we see them."

Davy was nearly incoherent with remorse as he dragged Paudeen along.

"An' you saw me in the woods, Davy, you fox, an' you made out not to see me, at all," said the child.

"I never saw you, Paudeen."

"Davy, you're the old sarpint, you

flung a cone at me where I was sittin' by the path."

"Paudeen, you're the sarpint yourself. I saw no more than a hare in Slieveross, it sat so quiet I flung a cone at it and hit it."

"Davy, you're the boyo! Did you not see the quare ones dancin' about you?"

"God save us, Paudeen, I niver saw a sow! barrin' myself."

"Did ye not see Themselves?"

"'Tis a dhrame you had, Paudeen."

"Maybe it was," said Paudeen, as he ran and clasped his father about the knees.

"He's lettin' on that Themselves cotched him," said Davy, with a semblance of righteous anger, as he confronted Paudeen's distracted parents. Paudeen said nothing; he did not even scream when the elder Paddy beat him for his long delayed return. He had learnt silence in the woods. But he went to sleep with a thankful heart, and dreamt that he danced with the trees in Slieveross, and that the beech swung him in its arms. He talked in

Temple Bar.

his sleep and muttered strangely, so that Mrs. Fox, who was a superstitious soul, took him to the wise woman who lived beyond Clancy's farm. She looked at Paudeen for two minutes in silence, then she patted his head and laughed.

"Themselves'll do no harm to those they love," said she. "This Paddy of yours knows their pisthagues better than you or I do, Mrs. Fox, dear, be aisy now."

Then she laughed strangely and Paudeen stared.

"He's terrible like his ould gran'father, God save him," said Mrs. Fox.

"He is," said the old woman, "terrible like poor Michael Fox."

Paudeen's face lit up with sudden memory.

"Wasn't he——?" he began.

"What, avic?" asked the old woman.

Intention changed visibly in Paudeen's eyes.

"Wasn't he the quare ould one?" he asked cautiously, as one who buries a secret darkly in his heart.

W. M. Letts.

MICHAEL DAVITT:

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION.

The first time I saw Michael Davitt was in the spring of 1886. Gladstone had just recanted his Irish errors and had declared for a Parliament at Dublin. I was anxious to do what I could to help on the cause, and I came to Ireland with the idea of getting at the inside of the Home Rule, or rather of the Land League, case. I already knew Parnell, Dillon, Biggar, and others of the Irish Parliamentary leaders, and I had letters to the Catholic hierarchy from Cardinal Manning. I had begun in Roscommon by attending some evictions, and on my return to Dublin I found Davitt at the Imperial Hotel, the house of call then commonly used

by the Nationalist members. It was a roughish place, though full of pleasant company, so rough that on the mantelpiece of the coffee-room there was a printed notice to the following effect: "To prevent mistakes, gentlemen are requested to take their hats and coats with them to their rooms when they leave." There, on March 27, I dined with Davitt, and we spent the evening together. My first impression of him was, I find in my journal, of "an odd-looking man, dark, sallow, gaunt, disfigured by the loss of his right arm, torn off from the shoulder," but he had also curiously luminous eyes. The photographic portrait of him lately re-

produced by the *Daily News* gives something of their peculiar glitter.

In those days there was little intimate communication between the Irish Nationalists and Englishmen, however sympathetic, but my connection with the Egyptian revolution of 1882 and my Catholicity had long been a passport for me to their confidence, and I had been admitted, though not an Irishman, as a member of the "League." With Davitt, therefore, I found myself at once on intimate terms, and during the three days we spent together at Dublin we discussed pretty well every phase of the Irish question. Extremist as he was on land reform—and we did not agree about land nationalization—I found him strongly conservative on certain other points, especially in regard to religion, holding that the clergy were "the backbone of the Land League and a safeguard from the more violent forms of Jacobinism." Dr. Croke was his great hero, and perhaps even more so that wonderful old peasant bishop, Dr. Duggan, of Clonfert, the latter a pure Fenian and as saintly a personage as Ireland has ever owned among her clergy. To them and to others of the extreme Land Leaguers in the West of Ireland he gave me letters, among them one to Mrs. Deane who, when the male leaders of the League had been arrested in 1881, had carried the League on as a "Woman's League" with such admirable courage and success. With this most interesting old lady I stayed for a day or two at Ballaghderin, and she gave me a vivid description of Davitt's first missionary work as land reformer, for it was there in East Mayo, between Ballaghderin and Castlebar, that the Land League had been founded. Davitt and her nephew, John Dillon, to whom she was entirely devoted, had held their first League meeting on Lord Dillon's estate. She had not at first fancied Davitt's coming to her house, but John had insisted, and from that

moment she had been converted to a "blind idolatry." Parnell had been with them once or twice to her house, "coming just with a spare shirt and a comb folded up in a piece of newspaper"—an "aristocrat," she called him, "at heart, but a true patriot." "The people loved him, but not as they loved Michael Davitt. He had suffered so much."

From Dr. Duggan, to whom I went next at Loughrea, I heard the same story, and with it the whole tragic history of Celtic Ireland with its secular tale of wrong from the days of Cromwell and William of Orange in 1798, down to that wonderful year when Davitt had at last stemmed the flood of depopulation and organized the poor against their oppressors. The old bishop was himself a tragic relic of the ancient times, a Connaught peasant born and nursed in the fiercest school of wrong. No "purple and fine linen" prelate, but an apostle of poverty, a simple, unpretending priest, venerable with years, in a threadbare cassock much bedabbled with snuff, but having within him a never-tiring flame of love for the Irish poor, his Celtic kindred, and of anger against the English rich; his episcopal "palace," a bare, unfurnished house in the unlovely street of Loughrea, before whose doors he suffered himself to be besieged from dawn to dusk by a crowd of indigent folk, giving away daily every penny he possessed—waited on for all service by one old peasant woman and a little foundling boy. When I found him, the good bishop was distributing his alms and feeding sparrows on his window-sill with crumbs of bread. "I have nothing in the house left for you," he said, "but a herring." There was no fire in his grate, but he had one lit for me. When I told him I had come from Michael Davitt a sudden smile broke out on his face as if I had spoken of a

saint. "It is the best introduction you could bring me," he said. "Davitt is a holy man. See this?—they are flowers he brought me two years ago from Jerusalem." This was the beginning of our talk. I have notes of it in my diary—alas, too scanty—but still enough to show the nature of it and of the Fenian saint the bishop was—his enchanting, eloquent simplicity, the largeness of his heart, his tolerance of sinners, the immense love which filled him for all who had suffered or were suffering, his contempt for riches and especially for the high living of the modern Irish priesthood—"He lives in a large house," he said, speaking of one of them; "what is the worth of him?"—his bitterness against the English law, which had driven the happy Celtic people from their fields, and was still driving them, to Liverpool, New York, and London, "to live like devils and die like dogs in those wicked streets. . . ." "Forster," he said, referring to the right honorable Chief Secretary of the day, "Forster, poor man, came to see me three years ago, and he said: 'Dr. Duggan, how is it that your priests do not stop the outrages?' I said: 'Mr. Forster, you are too polite to speak the truth. What you mean is, why do I encourage the people here to murder?' He laughed, and said: 'Yes, that is just it.' I said: 'If you wish to know why they do these things look around. Neither I nor you, nor all your soldiers could make them hold their hands while the cause of injustice remains.' He asked me: 'What shall we do?' I told him: 'Send for Davitt. . . .' Henry George came to see me. He explained to me his plan of land nationalization. Davitt liked it. I don't agree with it. My idea would be 'no rent' in any form. Davitt's idea was that at first—no rent either to landlord or to Government. By the old Brehon law there was no landlord, no tenant."

During the rest of my time in Ire-

land that year, and again in 1887, I saw much of Davitt. He and John Dillon were through life fast friends, and I once made an interesting journey with them both by car and in train in the West. The fundamental idea with both was to stop the unceasing drain of the Celtic population away from Ireland, but they differed as to the means. Davitt, with his land-nationalizing ideas, was opposed to Dillon's "Plan of Campaign," on the ground that it recognized to a certain point landlords' rights. He was for no rent, not for reductions, and stood aside that year from the battle. In this he made, I think, a mistake. Davitt was, in my opinion, always too much of a theorist. He was never able to convert any large section of his countrymen to Henry George's Socialistic formula, for the Irish are not Socialists in regard to the land, and their demand is for peasant ownership. Indeed, in some ways Davitt was less Irish than cosmopolitan, and at times identified himself, in spite of his strong patriotism and his hatred of English rule, perhaps too much with English party politics. He was thus somewhat out of sympathy with the Irish Parliamentary Nationalists and held his place apart. This was the real reason of his long refusal to enter the House of Commons, even more than his unwillingness to take the oath. I talked this matter over with him in the summer of 1887, when I paid him and his wife a visit at Ballybrack, and my notes of our conversation are so interesting that I will give the following extract:

July 20: By train to Ballybrack and walked up to "Land League Cottage," asking the way. But nobody seemed to know where Davitt lived, as Ballybrack is a seaside resort of the Castle people. Nevertheless, we found the place: a little bit of a cottage, with an acre of ground, and the most lovely view in the world. We (I had come

down with a friend) were before our time, and Davitt was doing some unpacking of stores in the passage when we arrived, but was very glad to see us, and began talking at once about the political situation with the unreserve which is his special charm. He is of opinion that the Tories will harden their hearts and go on (the Coercion Act had just been passed and Arthur Balfour had become Chief Secretary), and is quite prepared to be arrested to-morrow. But he says it will do good, as hastening on the crisis. Resistance to eviction is perfectly sound ground, both morally and as regards public opinion outside. He has been arrested too often to be much concerned about it. Six months in prison would be a cheap price at which to get the evictions stopped. . . . Davitt is for "no rent" instead of "reductions," and he blames Dillon's "Plan of Campaign," because he says it establishes a false standard of what the people should pay. He is strong for land nationalization, and in this he disagrees with the Parliamentary leaders. This is one of the reasons, he says, why he has refused to be in Parliament. He could not agree with them and he could not hold his tongue. The other reason is that he declines to take the oath of allegiance as long as Ireland is deprived of her own Parliament. He will take the oath some day at Dublin, not at Westminster. Talking of the possibility of his arrest and of an attempt being made to suppress the League, he said it would at once be resented by a new crop of outrages, and in England probably as well as Ireland. He could not blame the people if this was the case. The secret societies would then again get the upper hand, and outrage would be resented by outrage. He told us a good deal about these secret societies and his former connection with them. "I was turned out of them," he said, "when I founded the Land League. They were very angry with the League, because it took away from them their recruits, and nobody was more delighted than they when the League was suppressed." Talking of "Parnellism and Crime," Davitt said, "Parnell has the

clearest record of any of us, and might be cross-examined in any court of law. He has always kept himself clear from any connection with the secret societies. The truth is he is a Tory at heart and at Dublin would be the head of the Conservative Party. Parnell never cared much for the land agitation, and nobody has suffered more by it than he, as his tenants took him very strictly at his word when he said, "No rent." Most of them pay him no rent to the present day. He has a brother, who is a fierce landlord, and Parnell gets the credit of the evictions which are ordered by his brother. He himself has never evicted anybody, but he is a Conservative, and will always be one. When they get Home Rule the English Government will find him their strongest ally." He says that there are not many of the present Parliamentary Party who would be in the Irish Home Rule Parliament. The leaders would, but not the rank and file of them—perhaps a dozen or twenty, not more. He believed the next Parliament would see a great change, and that Parnell would weed out the incapables and put in better men. There were plenty of good men who, in a Dublin Parliament, would come forward, men in professions and official life who were thorough Home Rulers, but dared not yet touch politics. "The present men," he said, "have been elected for a purpose, to get Home Rule; we shall require another sort to work it. The first years under Home Rule will be very conservative. That is why I would sooner put back Home Rule if necessary for five years to get the land question settled by the English Parliament. Our own Parliament would be too liberal to the landlords."

Mrs. Davitt is a nice little woman, unmistakably Irish and unmistakably American. She seems very happy. Davitt explained she did not understand politics yet, having been brought up in a convent and having lived very quietly. She was rather shy in playing her part of hostess, but was helped by Davitt's sister, an older woman, and our luncheon was a very good one, much better than at the Archbishop's Palace yesterday. She showed us

with much laughing the Jubilee flag she had displayed at the cottage door on Jubilee Day. It consisted of a black strip with the word

"EVICTORIA"

worked in white on it. This seems to me a very allowable joke, especially as her neighbors here at Ballybrack are, with the exception of Murrrough O'Brien, Castle people and members of the "landlord class." After which she sang us the "Wearing of the Green," and we wished them all good-bye and a safe deliverance from gaol.

Davitt, however, was not that year arrested, and finding himself out of harmony with the "Plan of Campaign," soon after went abroad. He was already beginning to be at personal variance with William O'Brien, who had become the hero of the moment in Davitt's own special province—the West of Ireland. With Parnell, too, he had never, I think, been quite in sympathy, partly regarding him as an aristocrat and member of the landlord class, but still more for his growing lack of practical energy, which by this time was becoming very apparent and of which he knew well the hidden cause. As long ago as the month of June, 1886, he had spoken his mind to me strongly on this head, complaining bitterly of Parnell's failure to attend to his duties, even in the House of Commons, and at the very moment when the fate of Ireland with Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was trembling in the balance. "It makes one's blood boil," he said, "at a moment like this, when every man of us ought to be working night and day, that he should be away. . . . There are a hundred people at this moment in London waiting to see him on important business, and nobody can say where he is. When I see that old man Gladstone attending meetings night after night in every part of the country, and think that our leader will not take the trouble even to look in for half an hour at a single

The Speaker.

meeting in London (Parnell had just failed to appear at the great Home Rule meeting in St. James's Hall or even to send a letter of excuse), I wonder our people are able to be patient. Why, the other day, when the Belfast bill came on and members were being telegraphed for from distant parts of Ireland in Parnell's name, Parnell himself could not be found and strolled in after all, just too late for the division. . . . We all know it, and it will go hard with him some day, for we are getting very tired."

After 1888 I retired from all active interest in politics and saw but little of Davitt, but we still occasionally corresponded. The last letter I received from him is as follows. It is dated, "House of Commons, July 5, 1898," and refers to the atrocities of our suppression of the native "revolt" in Mashonaland and his own retirement from Parliament. I quote it in full:

Dear Wilfrid Blunt—I am glad to hear from one Englishman who is ashamed of the untamed brutality of pro-British rule. I am sick of appealing to these civilized savages who govern this Empire for political foes (*sic*) in Ireland or elsewhere. They are as amenable to the pleas of clemency as a tiger is to those of humanity. And this is the nation that is now shamelessly wooing America for an alliance on the theory that *both* countries are alike the friends of humanity, civilization, and all the rest!

I never in all my life felt more incurably disloyal to all that England stands for in the rule of every spot of earth outside her own shores than I do as a result of the hopelessness of trying to obtain justice for anything or anybody inside this House.—With kind regards, yours very truly,

Michael Davitt.

His death is a terrible loss to Ireland, and to liberty throughout the world, for he was a fearless man, a hater of iniquity, and he had a tongue powerful in persuasion even with his foes.

Wilfrid Scaven Blunt.

THE NEW CANADA.

It is now certain that the construction of Canada's new transcontinental railway will add a second story to the Dominion. The results of the great adventurous survey of the route, the main sections of which are already plotted out in detail, prove beyond a shadow of doubt that the northern *hinterland* of the existing Canada possesses natural resources of a magnitude and variety but dimly foreshadowed in the tales of travellers—tales which were received in the past with cold incredulity. No longer will the patriotic American, pointing to the breadth as well as the length of his own colossal polity, be able to describe the Dominion as a "narrow-gauge state," or assert that there is not space in any part of it for two prosperous cities to exist on the same meridian of latitude. When, with the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific in 1911 at latest, this gigantic New Canada is cast into the scales of British power in the New World it will be seen that the two Anglo-Saxon commonwealths of North America must sooner or later counterbalance one another in weight of wealth if not in numerical strength of population. In the first place the surveyors have discovered that the climatic conditions of the northward territories to be opened up for occupation by miners, lumbermen, and farmers—the first prepare the way for the second and the second clear the ground for the third—are not inferior, generally speaking, to those which obtain in the settled districts to the south. Indeed the climate grows appreciably milder in Ontario and the prairie provinces as one approaches the Hudson Bay, the Mediterranean of North America, which never freezes over from shore to shore, the water of which is a degree or two

warmer than that of Lake Superior, the other great mitigating influence in the climate of inland Canada. Trees and plants, witnesses which cannot lie, attest the truth of these assertions. Secondly, the chief necessities of a guerilla warfare of industrial conquest—timber for fuel and building, coal deposits, and the "white coal" of water-power—are abundant along every section of the new highway between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Already it is possible to make a forecast, accurate in its essential features, of the economic development of this vast northward extension of the Dominion. Passing from East to West and interpreting the black-and-white symbolism of the map in the spirit of the late N. F. Davies—whose *Epic of the Dawn* gives us an heroic vision of the Canada that was and the Canada that shall be—we find that the new railway with its tentacles will double the area of agricultural land at present accessible to the *habitant* of Quebec who looks for his North-West in his own Province beyond the church spire of some northernmost village. As the bold curve crosses into Ontario it enters the new *Silverado* which, if the amazing wealth of the Cobalt mining camp be an indication of what lies buried further north (and geologists believe it to be so, since all that monstrous country-side lies within the self-same geological horizon), will some day equal the record of Nevada and the other silver-bearing States of the Cordillera Belt. Cobalt, which is but a hundred miles north of North Bay (where the Government section of the new transcontinental line begins), and within easy reach of a lakeside resort where the people of the Eastern cities renew each year their ancestral love of

the wilderness, has already earned many millions of dollars and its fissure veins may be said to form the Comstock of Eastern Canada. Further westward the route passes into the great "clay belt" of Northern Ontario, a newer and nearest North-West. This stretch of agricultural soil is a thousand miles long and one hundred broad, and the typical Ontarian, the "Man with the Axe" who cut upper Canada out of the primeval forest, is busily farming here—awaiting the arrival of the iron trail. Everywhere in Northern Ontario are deposits of iron, copper, nickel, silver, and even gold which can be profitably developed the moment the railway comes in. Entering the prairie-region the new road, taking the nearest way from Winnipeg to Edmonton, passes through territory which has even now traces of settlement. As it passes the countryside will become populous, wooden villages will grow into towns of stone, and the basis for a trans-Saskatchewan system of branch railways will have been well and truly laid. Then the colonization of the northern portions of Saskatchewan and Alberta, provinces of which not the half of 1 per cent. has yet been ploughed up, will begin in downright earnest. The Grand Trunk Pacific crosses the Rockies by the easiest pass (avoiding the picturesque difficulties which the Canadian Pacific Railway overcame at the cost of tying itself into a knot at "The Loop") and will have no break-neck gradients—so that it is bound to become the chief freight route between the Nearer and the Farther West. In crossing British Columbia it will bring the historic placer-camps of Caniar and Omenica within reach of the mining capitalist, who is even now preparing to work out in detail the preliminary assay-map of the upper half of the province, which could be constructed from the records of the northward dispersal of Bret Harte's Argonauts and those who fol-

lowed them with pick and pan. At the newly discovered haven of Prince Rupert (south of Port Simpson, and out of sight of the islands given under the Alverstone compromise to the United States) the Grand Trunk Pacific finds its blue-water terminus. There, as Earl Grey has prophesied, the ruling price of wheat may be made for the world's markets in a wheat-pit deeper and more clamorous than those of Chicago and Duluth.

In one sense, paradoxical as it may seem to say so, the development of the million square miles of Canada's Northern *hinterland* brings the Dominion nearer to the Mother-country of more than half its inhabitants and nearly all its institutions. To grasp this truth the largest map or projection of the planet's surface must be laid aside. We must look at the terrestrial globe itself, and think in planetary terms. New Canada lies along higher parallels of latitude than the old, and is nearer to these market-islands in the Northern seas. Therefore the centre of gravity of the old with the new Canada is nearer to us than was the centre of gravity of last century's Dominion. And as the northern limit of Canadian settlement approaches the shores of the Hudson Bay, that centre of economic weight, the magnetic pole of the capitalist's imagination, will draw nearer and nearer yet. Many Canadians are beginning to see that this inevitable result of the northward extension of their polity will eventually compel them to revise their transportation system. The Saskatchewan Legislature has unanimously resolved that it is expedient to utilize the Hudson Bay route from the Inner West without a moment's unnecessary delay. A glance at the terrestrial globe will show that this route during the four or five months of the year when it was open would bring the western farmlands two thousand miles nearer to Liverpool. A railway to Fort Churchill

on the Bay, having steamship connections, would suck up wheat and live freight not only from all the prairie provinces but also from the upper tier of Western States. Again, it would be an Imperial strategic route (as indeed it was in the old fur-trading days when the Hudson's Bay Company held the west for us against the powers of New France and, later, against the pioneers of the Western States) and would enable the Empire to hold the central line of the continent. There is no other form of assurance against a successful invasion of Canada from the South. This route will undoubtedly be opened

The Outlook.

up, under the compulsion of Western opinion, and it will be a concrete preference in itself. The hammer that drives home a spike on any one of Canada's new railways, the spade that helps to dig out a new canal along Canada's rail-and-water route from the West—these are working to-day and will work to-morrow for the realization of our great ideal as surely as does the endorsement of the Canadian Preference by Mr. W. S. Fielding, or those winged words of Mr. Chamberlain which have the strength to fly through the whole circuit of the King's dominions.

GREEK AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

Cambridge well deserves the best thanks and congratulations of all who have the real interests of education at heart. Last year's proposal to make Greek optional at the Little-go was lost by five hundred and seven votes in a poll of two thousand six hundred and eleven. The proposal which the Cambridge University Senate has now thrown out by seven hundred and forty-seven votes to two hundred and forty-one was less sweeping, but more insidious. It aimed at the bifurcation of the B.A. degree into two degrees, one for letters and one for science, and gave to candidates for the latter an option between Greek and Latin. This suggestion recommended itself to many who were altogether opposed to making Greek optional at the Little-go. The *Times* of Friday, May 25, had a leader strongly supporting it, and claiming for it the sanction of Professor Butcher's authority. But the less violent change would in the end have been equally fatal to the study of Greek. In pointing out this I would recur to some of the arguments put forward in the Conference of Headmasters in De-

cember, 1890, when the proposal to make Greek optional in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was defeated by only two votes in a poll of sixty.

It was urged then by the advocates of the maintenance of Greek that, if the resolution brought forward by the headmaster of Harrow were carried, the study of Greek in England was doomed. This argument was met by the innovators with silent contempt or by improved declarations that "no one fears that Greek will cease to be studied in England," and that "Greek can take care of itself." It is curious that the very contrary of the last proposition was the utterance of one who was among the greatest ornaments of English scholarship. In 1873 George Grote declared his conviction that it was Latin and Greek which required to be fostered, that Greek would soon cease to be studied if it were made optional, and that the sciences would "take care of themselves."

For to make Greek optional for any class of students in the Universities would infallibly be to bring about a premature and excessive specializing

even in the course of the boy's school training. If the question whether he would pursue a scientific or a classical career in the University be left to the boy, in the great majority of cases he will decide against Greek. The study of Grammar is distasteful to the beginner, however apt, though to the advanced student it is full of interest and affords a discipline of the reasoning faculties at least as good as that supplied by Euclid or logic. The boy will vote for *cotyledons* and *coelenterata*, and his master will have to explain—if, indeed, he knows himself—what these words mean, and that they were used by a people whose commerce and manufactures were small, which had no Stock Exchange, and could not make "corners" in anything—which, therefore, can be of no use or interest for a lad who has to face the pressure of modern life and contend with "the struggling, eager crowds which beset every avenue to success." Specializing would begin at school, and in the course of a generation or two Greek would be in the position now occupied by Hebrew and Sanscrit, and the Greek masters in the public schools would have so little to do that they would be obliged to "double" the parts of instructors in (perhaps) writing or calisthenics.

No attempt has ever been made to show that the passman carries into his subsequent life from the University more mathematics or mental or natural philosophy than Greek. In this connection I may perhaps quote some words of my own on this subject from the *Quarterly Review* (343) of January, 1891:

Let all subjects be optional, or let us have a reason why one subject should be optional rather than another. The truth is, the rank and file of examinees are not now capable, never were capable, and never will be capable, of attaining to a knowledge of Greek, Latin,

German, trigonometry, mechanics, or any other branch of study, in the sense in which the term "knowledge" is understood by real scholars and savants. But that is no reason why the passman should not reap great and permanent advantage from being induced to pursue these studies to a certain point, which is in many cases as far as their intelligence will allow them to go. It has been urged by the innovators that "it will be difficult to find in Greek literature a passage which would not pluck at least half of the candidates if anything like a creditable, even a respectable translation were exacted." Would more than half the candidates in an examination in Natural Science display a knowledge which would seem to a master of the science creditable, or even respectable? Moreover, it is fair to call to mind that when a student is required to translate an unprepared piece of Greek, he is asked to show that he has a grasp of the principles of the language. A question of analogous difficulty in the sciences would "pluck" the whole class; but such questions are not put at pass-examinations in science. The point to be dwelt on is, that no attempt has been made to show that the passman carries away from the University a greater or more abiding knowledge of mathematics or mental or natural philosophy than of Greek, yet no one has proposed to make all these subjects optional.

There was a time when professed Latinists knew very little Greek. "Græcum est: non potest legi" is a comment often to be met in the schoolmen when a Greek expression occurs in a Latin text. There are now French and Italian Latinists who have but slight acquaintance with Greek. It is the boast of English scholarship that for more than two centuries Greek and Latin have been studied with equal success and reciprocal illumination. If Greek were ever put on a level with Hebrew and Sanscrit, and if the study of it were confined to a few specialists, even Latin would suffer. Fancy a Greekless Munro or Robinson Ellis, or

a Professor of Latin with a third-class man's knowledge of Greek lecturing on Virgil, Plautus, Lucretius, or the philosophical works or the letters of Cicero.

For whose sake would this barbarizing measure be passed? It is said that there were at the time of the Conference at Oxford in December, 1890, over ten thousand boys at the public schools not learning Greek. It is alleged that many of these would be glad to have a University degree. But Dr. Selwyn of Uppingham writing to the *Times* of January 1, 1891, said:

I do not know or recollect a single such boy who would be (or have been) likely, under any circumstances, to go to either University.

The persons who would benefit by the revolution would be those who fancy that French or German or chemistry would supply a shorter road to professional success than Greek. But the language of Corneille and Schiller would be little more useful for practical professional needs than that of Pindar or Sophocles, even were we to put aside the question (too large to be entertained here) as to the true function of University teaching. The majority of those who would frequent the modernized University would be the sons of noblemen who look on the public school not as a source of instruction but as an indispensable part of a gentleman's career, the Fitzbattleaxes who think Eton or Harrow, Oxford or Cambridge, as essential as baptism; or the sons of the Gorgius Midases, who send their sons to the place where there are the most "dooks."

The Academy.

Such youths will not devote the time gained by the abolition of Greek to other subjects more congenial to them. They go to the University "to kick and knock balls about," to use the vigorous language of the late Professor Freeman, who strongly opposed the barbarizers.

It is better [said the same scholar] that a University should be small and poor but learned, than large and rich but unlearned.

Here is another weighty judgment from the same source:

I doubt whether it is possible for a University to keep up a subject as essential for those who are fit to profit by it, unless it is kept up as essential for all.

Opulent idlers and premature specialists who believe in "bread and butter" knowledge and think that a University should be a technical school, are the only classes who would benefit by the proposed revolution.

I may, perhaps, be permitted in conclusion to quote a passage which is, no doubt, familiar to many—a tribute from the great prophet of Utilitarianism to the value of a training in Greek:

If [said John Stuart Mill in his address to the University of St. Andrews], as every one must see, the want of affinity of these studies to the modern mind is gradually lowering them in popular estimation, that is but a confirmation of the need of them, and renders it the more incumbent on those who have the power to do their utmost to prevent their decline.

Robert Y. Tyrrell.

THE LEISURED CLASS.

Nature, never a believer in equality, has provided society with a leisured class,—a class which has attained, or has ceased any longer to pursue, the various aims with which its members set out on their journey. The women have seen the generation which they brought up in its turn bringing up another. The men watch the toll of those who carry on the work that once absorbed their thoughts. In every country, under every Government, the old rest and look on. Most men, and almost all women, can accept the fact that their working days are over without any bitter regret. The old are seldom pessimists. They have the calm of those who are accustomed to danger and have seen many false alarms. Besides, they can look back a long way, far enough to assure themselves that the world, in spite of all reactions, has moved forward since they were young, and does still move forward though they have ceased to push. There are, of course, a minority who chafe at their destiny, a minority in which the feminine element is very small. A man's rest comes more suddenly than a woman's. His work has been more definite, and is less satisfactory to watch from the outside. The methods of doing it change radically with the years. It is often hard for an old man to see his profession carried on in quite another way than that which seemed to him to be the right one. In literature tastes change, not always for the better; in science old roads of investigation are abandoned for new; in politics the perennial strifes of party hide from those whose failing strength forces them to leave the arena the great conflicting principles which underlie displays of opposing passion. Art seems sometimes to be inspired by

no more serious Muse than that of Fashion, with her short memory and contempt for fact. All that he has tried to do must often seem to an old man as though it were already forgotten. Jowett said that all dead philosophies had become part of the living organism of knowledge. No doubt all good forgotten work becomes part of the living organism of civilization; but this truth is hard to realize for those who stand by and see its outline lost.

For a woman the step into old age is fraught with fewer hardships. Woman's work never changes. Her duties have been the same since the world began, and she is born with an aptitude for them. Methods of bringing up children, and ruling households, and ministering to the sick do, it is true, become kinder with every generation. But all good women grow more indulgent with age, so that the generations keep alongside in ideal so far as the greater duties of the average woman's life are concerned. Consequently, they are not tempted to be hypercritical, but are content to see the work they once did well being again well done. As a rule, it is true, they cling to life far more than men. They live more in their affections, for one thing; for another, the habit of centuries is upon them. Life is more sacred to them. The cases in which they can be called upon voluntarily to sacrifice their own are rare, and it has never been their duty to take that of other people. Their love of life, however, though it may give them many moments of sadness, does not make them dissatisfied during the evening of their days. They enjoy them in the temper of the poet:—

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest
last.

The great loss which accompanies age is, of course, the loss of energy. Many wheels have run down by the time a man or a woman may rightly be called old. The power to follow new paths of argument up to new conclusions commonly, though not always, abates with the natural force; but there are compensations, especially among women. The mind of a woman is not quite the same as that of a man. Loss of mental force is to her a less loss, and with age a woman nearly always becomes wider-minded. Her strong point mentally is her power to comprehend character. This gift is perfected by experience, and has very little to do with either theories or systems. Breadth of view is as dependent upon sympathy as upon abstract thought. Not that women as they grow old lose their prejudices. They keep them as treasured dogmas in the memory, but they very often cease altogether to apply them. Age, and age alone, teaches what Coleridge defined as the difference between persons and "isms," and to know this is to know how to break down all barriers, social, political, and religious. Of course the secret is discovered at the cost of a certain amount of logic. To be old is to be inconsistent, because it is to realize that there is more of truth than can be seen from any given standpoint.

Age, if it saps the energies and weakens the motive force, has its own beneficence. It sets the old free. At last they can, if they will accept its franchise, get outside the vicious circle of self-absorption. The bonds of self-interest are struck off. The goad of ambition is blunted for good. The *moi* dies long before the *moi spectateur*. One of the first delights of liberty is leisure to be amused. "How I should like to be present at such-and-such a scene, if only I could be invisible," we hear young people say. Age will grant them such wishes. Capacity to enjoy

the play is nowise dependent upon taking part. But that liberty which is the gift of years brings a grace greater than the grace of humor. It gives to the good when they get old power to put themselves completely in another person's place. Shakespeare in *Richard II.* draws a wonderful picture of this late development of love. Gaunt is heart-broken at the thought of his son's exile:—

Ere the six years that he hath to
spend
Can change their moons and bring their
times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-wasted
light
Shall be extinct with age and endless
night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and
done,
And blindfold death not let me see
my son.

But no sooner does he realize Bolingbroke's despair than he sets himself to relieve it. Love revives his memory. He gives his experience to console his son. He recalls the spirits of Youth, Romance, Adventure, Folly, the spirits of the long-dead past, that they may enable him to inspire hope. "Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay," he tells him:—

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy
havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the
heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly
borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase
honor
And not the king exiled thee; or
suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look, what thy soul holds dear, im-
agine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence
 thou com'st;
 Suppose the singing birds musicians,
 The grass whereon thou tread'st the
 presence strew'd,
 The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps
 no more
 Than a delightful measure or a dance.

One other lesser gift comes in the hand of age, the gift of humility. We speak sometimes of an old man's vanity. It is a vanity of the past, a vain recollection of the workman who was. By humility the usefulness of Nature's leisured class is often impaired. They fear sometimes that they may be unwelcome within the hurrying circles of the younger world. There is a peculiar

The Spectator.

lar shyness which belongs to age. Many young people buy very dear the experience which an old friend could have given them for nothing—but dared not offer, because they did not know how thankfully it would have been accepted. The good opinion of the old is very greatly desired, because men know it to be a detached opinion. It is strange how little the old seem to realize this fact, withholding the meed of praise which would have refreshed a thirsty man because they imagine he does not want it. But this humility is a blessing we may not grudge. How could they bear to go could they realize the blank that is left at their departure.

SOME TYPES OF MODERN FRANCE.

M. Rod is nothing if not critical. He began his career as an independent thinker by criticizing the naturalistic formula, then in full career of triumph, and he has gone on criticizing ever since. The work which first made him known to English readers, *La Vie Privée de Michel Teissier* gained its vogue with us from a superficial resemblance to the Parnell episode. Michel Teissier is a trusted party chief who ruins his career and breaks up his home for the sake of a girl half his age, a friend of his wife's. Some people at the time complained of M. Rod's handling of his subject as inconclusive. His story could only be taken as a criticism of ordinary domestic ideals. Yet it was none the less a criticism of the theories of those who would break them up, and the partisans of *L'Union Libre* gain no more from him than the advocates of the indissolubility of marriage. In fact his dissolvent criticism gives him a false air of conservatism. He spares nothing, not even the newest theories. Like Clough, whom in some points he

resembles, one seems to hear him murmur, "Ah yet, consider it again," in view of our old beliefs and institutions, not because they are not faulty, but because the offered substitutes are so poor.

His two new novels, *Un Vainqueur* and *L'Indocile* are particularly interesting, as presenting with the sensitiveness and the lucidity which are M. Rod's special endowments, three distinct types of modern French life. The Conqueror, Alcide Délémont, a successful manufacturer, represents the old-fashioned individualism whose watchword was *Laissez-faire*. Opposed to him is the figure of Romanèche, the influential editor and leader of Socialism, who hopes everything from the action of an omnipotent State working in the interest of the proletariat. Then there is the boy whom Délémont adopts, the nameless child of his sister,—Valentin, the anarchist.

Délémont does not appear in the second book, except by a casual reference. The two figures Romanèche and Valen-

tin remain in opposition. The development of Romanèche is indicated with considerable skill. In the first part of the book he seems little better than a solemn *poseur*, "impregnated with certainties, stuffed with ready-made conclusions." He urges his brother-in-law Délémont to adopt their orphan nephew, while himself carefully abstaining from giving him anything but good advice. He enjoys the advantages that accrue from association with the rich manufacturer, and dares not express too freely his disapproval of the social conditions which have produced that wealth. In reality he is a man who has not yet found his way. Later on, when he becomes a regular contributor to *L'Egalité* and a recognized chief of his party, with a platform and a backing, he can afford to speak out what is in him, and prepares to impose what his master Robespierre called "despotism of liberty."

Délémont, the manufacturer of glass bottles, engages our sympathies. He is a narrow unimaginative man, whose very narrowness has helped him to concentrate his mind on the struggle for fortune, and now prevents him from adapting himself to the changed conditions of modern industry. The Government inspector insists on his observance of regulations that cut into his profits. Special difficulties arise in connection with the Italian boys supplied to him by an agent, who is a mere slave-trader. The inspector does his best to secure humane treatment for these wretched little exiles, and he has the sympathy of Délémont's daughter Alice, a charming creation. Other troubles accumulate upon him, the crazy suspicions of his wife, the selfish light-mindedness of his second daughter, the terrible death of Alice, murdered on her sister's wedding-day by a work-girl whom the bridegroom had betrayed and deserted. But the final impression that the story leaves is that of a

man whose triumphs belong to the industrial system of the past, beaten and broken by the impact of new and uncomprehended forces.

We have his point of view in his complaint to the Government functionary against the *Inspecteur de Travail*.

I have no complaint to make against him personally, but I complain of . . . the authority which your law gives him, the duties which it imposes on him, if you will . . . I complain because he comes when he pleases to my factory, enters it as if it belonged to him and walks about as if he were in a garden . . . I complain because this surveillance weighs on me like my oppression, because it annuls my authority over my staff, paralyzes my means of action, puts fresh difficulties in the way of an industry which has so many already, and hinders my lawful possession of what belongs to me, because it humiliates me in short. Let your Government frankly turn us out, let it drive us from the factories which we have founded, let it take them, confiscate them, socialize them as you say. One would know at least where one was and where one was going. . . . Better that, than to hinder our work and give us up, bound hand and foot, to our own workpeople.

And when the functionary has explained to him that "the State has at last understood that it has a mission to protect the weak and those under age, that it is their natural guardian," Délémont begins to perceive that while he has been absorbed in making money, a change has really taken place in the equilibrium of society,—a change which threatens to be fatal to the interests of his class.

Yet the man, as he appears in the last pages of his history, disappointed, bereaved, and half ruined, is more human and attractive than in his conquering stage. That germ of pity and sympathy which had begun to develop in him as he followed his sister's miserable funeral with the hand of her

orphan child in his, and the memories of his distant childhood returned to him, begins to assert itself against the fierce egotism which has marked his conquering period. The last glimpse we have of him is touching. Burlier, the young inspector, who had loved Alice with a timid and hopeless love, comes back to the factory after her death.

Délémont advanced without seeing him, his hands behind his back, his head bowed. . . . He replied to the salute of the young man—"Ah, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

Burlier grasped his hand. "Do believe that I sympathized most deeply. . . ."

"Yes, you sent some flowers. . . . Very kind. . . ." His voice began to tremble slightly. "You knew my daughter a little, I know. . . . The little Italian . . . the hospital . . . I remember. . . ."

"I have only seen Mdlle. Alice once or twice. I shall always remember her."

The glass manufacturer sighed. "Like all who have known her," he said. After a short silence he went on: "I shall alter a good many things here, as she wished. In memory of her. . . . And for other reasons which I did not understand once but which are now clear to me—clear as crystal." He looked at the inspector, who seemed to be waiting for the explanation of this remark, cut the air with his old despotic gesture and said, "After such a misfortune, sir,—after such a misfortune. . . ." And without saying more, he moved away.

Meanwhile, the boy Valentin is serving his first painful apprenticeship to life. He begins as a *déclassé* in the house of his rich uncle. Alice only, with her delicate charm and tenderness, gives him the illusion of maternity. She induces her father to take him from the coarse drudgery of the factory and give him the education for which he longs. When she dies, an innocent victim, receiving the revolver-shot that

was meant for another, all kind and genial influences disappear with her from the path of the lonely boy.

In the opening chapters of *L'Indocile* Valentin has become a young man. He has left the Lycée and is looking for some occupation by which he can maintain himself while preparing for his degree. He has two friends, Urbain Lourtier, an ardent Republican and a Free-Thinker, and Claude Frémont, an equally ardent Liberal Catholic. Each of them would gladly welcome him as an adherent. He has also a sweetheart, the daughter of relatives of Lourtier's, and the young people come to a sort of tacit understanding before Valentin goes to take up the position of tutor, which Romanèche has found for him with one of his friends.

M. Frümser, Valentin's employer, is an ardent anti-clerical. He finds, like so many others, a point of contact in his hatred of Christianity with those whose socialistic aims he only half appreciates. Men of his type are perfectly ready to help Romanèche and his party to put down the priests; they do not ask to see what lies beyond that. Romanèche, on the other hand, looks to the destruction of religion as only a preliminary, though a very necessary one, to the destruction of private property and the establishment of the collectivist millennium. The irony of the situation is well brought out in the description of the visit of the Republican leader to Rheims, at the invitation of Frümser and some other chiefs of the party, to speak at the fête of the *Libre Pensée*. With ostentatious contempt of wealth he declines the offer of Frümser's automobile and prefers to walk to the place of meeting.

He is taken on a tour of inspection through the cellars of the great wine-merchants.

At a sign from Frümser the work-people approached, expecting the usual questions on their wages, their habits,

their health, the length of their working day, the regularity of their work; ending up with the usual eulogium of a master so careful of their comfort. . . . The words of Romanèche had another accent.

"You must think, always and before all, of the radical transformation of the capitalist system which we have in view. Tell yourself that nothing has been done so long as the proletariat has not realized its integral programme, of which the main point, as you know, is the socialization of the soil and of the means of production. . . . The struggle is engaged . . . between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat. It cannot be terminated by a compromise."

The workmen of the cellars, good people whose life is easy, listened with surprise, more alarmed than attracted by the prospects of a world turned upside down, from which the pleasure of saving would vanish with the disappearance of capital, and where the key of equality would close for ever the door, which now stood open, of the bourgeois paradise. As to the masters, they grew more downcast as Romanèche went on giving the details of their coming dispossession. . . . Frümser gnawed his moustache furiously; his foreman, in consternation, whispered to him, "He will spoil them for us."

But at the time of Valentin's arrival M. Frümser has not yet reached this point of semi-disillusion. He receives with satisfaction the relative of the great leader and at once explains to him what is expected of him. The son of the house, under the influence of a tutor with Catholic sympathies, who was promptly kicked out so soon as his tendencies were discovered, has become tainted with superstitious ideas. The real business of the new tutor is to act as surveillant, and to do his best to eradicate any traces of bigotry on the part of his pupil.

The note of Valentin's character is an exaggerated hatred of restraint. One feels that only a moral miracle would make him a submissive child of the

Church; at the same time he revolts from the domestic tyranny to which he is introduced and the spy's part which he is expected to play. He feels strongly drawn to his timid, silent pupil, who on his part, while perfectly docile, shuts up in himself a world of ideas which he guards jealously from the observations of his uncongenial environment.

Valentin has to confess to Frümser that he is making no way with his pupil in the direction desired. The surroundings of the old cathedral city, the recollections of feudal France and Joan of Arc, are not favorable to the growth of the free-thinking spirit. His friend, Urban Lourtier, writes to him from Rome enlarging on the spectacle of superstition and corruption daily offered to his notice. Valentin suggests in perfect good faith that the best way of disgusting Désiré Frümser with his pietistic ideas would be to take him to Rome for the winter. Frümser agrees to this naïve suggestion, and the two youths start.

There is this note of universality about Rome that every one finds there what he wishes, just as in Shakespeare or the Bible. Lourtier found new texts for his anti-clerical diatribes; Désiré, on the other hand, intensifies and deepens his Catholic sympathies by contact with the centre of Latin Christianity, and he comes back from the Eternal City more of a Catholic than ever.

He refuses to be present at the fête of the *Libre Pensée* where Romanèche is announced to speak, and Frümser in a fury of disappointment turns on the tutor.

You have the word of liberty always in your mouth. . . . But liberty for a son is to obey his father. . . . Liberty is to walk upright, to think justly. . . . No one is free to fall into error and superstition. I warn you that if this child whom I confided to you persists in his

revolt, if he inflicts on me to-morrow the insult which he threatens, it is you whom I shall hold responsible, my fine fellow.

In sheer dread of the consequences for his young tutor, Désiré consents to attend the fête. But the attacks on his religion are too much for his self-control: he dares to hiss the orator.

The crowd rose like the sea when a cyclone passes over it. The committee, men, women, children, stood up, pushed and pressed against each other. Frümser looked over the crowd in the direction indicated by the movement of all the heads; and it was as though he had received a heavy blow right in his chest: his son was standing up, arms crossed, in the midst of clenched fists and furious faces. Valentin held him by the waist to sustain or defend him. Louise, standing up also, pressed bravely to his side. A surging movement of the crowd carried them all three away.

After this, M. Frümser again attacks Valentin as the instigator of his son's revolt.

"How can I help it," asks the tutor, "if you have revolted the conscience of your son by your tyranny?"

They defied one another by their looks: the one small, slight, with his nervous face drawn and paled by revolt, the other, strong, imperious, red in the face, with the veins on his forehead swollen as if they would burst. Louise, terrified, took the hand of Mme. Oberglatt, and drew her forward as if to throw herself with her between the two men. But Frümser controlled himself; turning his back on his opponent, he went out without looking at any one and slammed the door. There was a moment of stupor; then Désiré, deeply moved, came and took the hand of Valentin.

"Ah! M. Délémont, it is again you who suffer for me. . . . Generous and brave. . . . Thank you. . . ." And he added more timidly, "I hope that you are not going to leave after this scene."

"Can you doubt it?" cried Valentin, still tingling with excitement.

"Mr. Frümser is a hasty man," said Mme. Oberglatt, "but he is kind. He will be sorry to-morrow for what he has said to you."

"Too late. I cannot expose myself to hear it twice."

Louise came forward in her turn, with shining eyes, almost pretty in her emotion, and trembling with her hands clasped against her breast, she begged—"My brother would be so sorry if you went. And I too, M. Délémont."

At the sight of her trouble, Valentin understood the meaning of those looks, those words, that voice. It was a return of the temptation that had assailed him already. . . . The peace of his life, comfort, security, fortune, prospects, were there. . . . He had only to hold out his hand to gather all these good things as one gathers a flower. All the mirages of luxury and grandeur which can attract the heart of a poor man passed before him. But his pride was on the watch, and replying rather to the thought than to the words of the girl, he answered with firm and sad gentleness, "No, Mademoiselle, I should despise myself."

He returns to Paris and is received by the great Romanèche as might be expected. His friend Lourtier has been taken on to the staff of the *Egalité*, but there is no place for Valentin. They want a man of convictions, as Romanèche reminds him, not one who, for a whim, turns against his own side.

In the matter of his little love-affair, also, disappointment awaits him. Paule-Andrée's parents have married her to Lourtier, who can offer her a good position. When Valentin protests, she reminds him that he has not even succeeded in passing his examination.

What has he accomplished in fact, the poor young man? Simply the demonstration of the impossibility of fitting himself, his obstinate, difficult individuality, into any of the holes that offers itself, round or square. He is too hon-

est for a spy, too proud for a tool, too clear-sighted to be a dupe of the big words that Romanèche and his like manipulate so cleverly. He sympathizes with the Catholics in the persecution they are enduring at the hands of the narrow and ferocious bigotry that calls itself, comically enough, Free Thought. Yet the dogmas and assumptions of the Roman Church are not for him; he can have nothing to say to a system which postulates as its first condition an absolute submission to authority.

"Their programmes are always magnificent," he says of the socialist leaders. "However, when they have supplanted the bourgeoisie, they will commit the same errors and the same crimes; they have the same instincts, they are worth no more. Oppression will change its direction and there will be a fresh set of tyrants; that is all the difference there will be."

And when his shocked interlocutor points out that such sentiments lead straight to anarchy, Valentin replies:

There was anarchy at the beginning; perhaps we shall come back to it; history is an eternal new beginning. Besides, there was good in it. Each man was his own master and his own judge. We shall see that again. Would it be

Macmillan's Magazine.

so great a misfortune? It would be simply a return to the law of force. And is not this the supreme law, of which all others are but the parody,—when they do not cloak it hypocritically. In reality anarchy has never ceased to reign. It governs us to-day as formerly, disguised by our falsehoods but not less terrible. It gives everything to him who has, and from the others it takes away even their most humble hopes. It is just as well to proclaim it and to confess it.

Here we recognize the dissolvent that is already at work in our modern world, sapping all belief in the schemes of the most ardent of Socialists. The Anarchist, the man who pursues the dream of an absolutely untrammelled individual liberty, is the great antagonist which the constructors of the Socialist Utopia will have to meet in the near future. And in France, now, as always, the workshop of ideas for all Europe, where people still fight one another for an ideal or a belief with rancor and consistency unapproached elsewhere, we see foreshadowed what may turn out to be the coming Armageddon, that clash of irreconcilable ideals in which the whole fabric of existing society will finally go under.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A new work by Dr. J. P. Mahaffy is announced, under the title "The Silver Age of the Greek World." It is a study of the period during which the Greeks, after their subjugation by Rome, went into all parts of the world as pioneers of Hellenic culture.

The Methuens have just published a book by Edgecumbe Stakey on "The Guilds of Florence." Full details of her twenty-one Guilds—historical, industrial and political—are given, together with

chapters on her commerce, markets, charities, etc. The illustrations, mostly from old manuscripts, are reproduced for the first time.

A paragraph in *The Academy*, recording the fact that Mr. Gerald Massey has just entered his seventy-ninth year, will be to many the first reminder that Mr. Massey is still living. It is long since he has done any important literary work, yet, fifty years ago Walter Savage Landor hailed him as "a new

Keats," and Matthew Arnold did not consider Tennyson, "except for the first moment of publication, a serious rival" to him.

Mr. A. B. Todd, of Cumnock, Ayrshire, whose journalistic experience covers a period of over sixty years, who is one of the closest surviving links with Robert Burns, and the annalist as well as life-long champion of the Covenanters, has just seen the proof-sheets of his autobiography through the press. At intervals throughout his long life—he is now in his eighty-fifth year—Mr. Todd has written a good deal of verse, and his "Circling Years and other Poems" was widely noticed on its publication thirty odd years ago. Mr. Todd's father was only nine years younger than Burns, and the autobiography will contain reminiscences of the Scottish bard as he appeared to a contemporary. Mr. Todd is naturally a Burns enthusiast; and he had the honor of presiding at centenary celebrations both of the birth and death of Robert Burns.

Rarely does one take up a book of such delightful quality and temper as "The House of Quiet," whose seventh edition now reaches American readers through E. P. Dutton & Co. Purporting to be fragments of an autobiography, "edited by J. P.," and bearing one of those explanatory notes which make the shrewdest doubt whether they preface fact or fiction, it is a succession of leisurely essays on art, philosophy, conduct and religion, varied by character studies of unusual delicacy, with a slender thread of narrative uniting them all in intense and poignant interest. The prevailing tone is serious—sad, even—and there are flashes of keen sarcasm, but the view of human nature

is kindly rather than cynical, and the final impression is of cheer and hope. Written in a style of uncommon grace and dignity, these fascinating chapters reveal the personality of an eager, thoughtful, sensitive man, thwarted by ill health at the very outset of his career, and solving for himself the riddle of disappointed ambition with faith and serenity.

The Academy remarks that lovers of mediæval England will be glad to hear that the necessary repairs have been taken in hand at Croyland Abbey, and of the Abbey as it now stands, The Academy says:

Croyland Abbey is no longer as Kingsley described it in "Hereward the Wake": "a vast range of high-peaked buildings, founded on piles of oak and alder driven into the fen, itself built almost of timber from the Brunesswold, barns, granaries, stables, workshops, strangers' hall fit for the boundless hospitality of Croyland . . . with the great minster towering up, a steep pile, half wood half stone, with narrow-headed windows and leaden roofs, and above all the great wooden tower from which on high days chimed out the melody of the seven famous bells which had not their like in English land." To-day there is a ruined nave, a part of the central tower and of the magnificent west front, as well as the north aisle, which has been turned into a church. Tennyson has immortalized the beauties of the Wolds, but "Holland" lacks a sacred bard. And yet Tennyson, as a Cambridge man, was in debt to the Abbey. At the beginning of the twelfth century poverty made the Abbot send out begging monks, who began to lecture with such success to the people of Cambridge that in a short time there was not a barn or even a church in the town large enough to hold the hearers. This is supposed, not without reason, to have been the origin of Cambridge University.